THE

Fate of CAPUA.

(4)

THE FALL OF CAPUA.

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A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

In *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by *Thomas Southerne.*

Cætera, neque temporum ſunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum: Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium, ac ſolatium præbent: Delectant domi, non impediunt foris: Pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

Cicero Orat. pro Archia Poeta.

LONDON,

Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1700.

Persons Represented.

Pacuvius Calavius	Of *Hannibals* Faction.	By *Mr.* Hodgson.
Virginius		*Mr.* Betterton.
Marius Blosius		*Mr.* Berry.
Vibius Virius		*Mr.* Bayly.
Decius Magius	Of the *Roman* Interest.	*Mr.* Boman.
Perolla		*Mr.* Scudamore.
Junius		*Mr.* Verbruggen.
Favonia		*Mrs.* Barry.

Senators, Deputies, Officers, Guards, *Capuan* and *Carthaginian*, Messengers, Clients.

The Scene *Capua.*

PROLOGUE.

Written by the Honourable *Charles Boyle*, Eſq;

OUR Bard reſolv'd to quit this wicked Town,
And all Poetick Offices lay down:
But the weak Brother was drawn in again,
And a caſt Miſtreſs tempted him to Sin.
Thus many a cautious Gallant in this Throng,
May wed, when old, whom they debauch'd when young.
Thus the repenting fair Ones vow in vain
From Cards, from Love, from Scandal to refrain,
For Eaſter *over, they relapſe again.*
To write well's hard: But I appeal to y'all,
Is't not much harder not to write at all?
Some Men muſt write, for Writing's their Diſeaſe,
And every Poet's ſure one Man to pleaſe.
Some medling Coxcombs, rather than ſit ſtill,
And perfectly do nothing, muſt do ill.
Some are with buſie Dulneſs ſo o're-run,
They ſeem deſign'd by Heav'n to teaze the Town.
Yet when theſe Fools have ſpawn'd ſome ſickly Play,
We have ſo many greater Fools than they,
They'll pack a crowded Audience the third Day.
This Poet has no ſly inveigling Arts,
He'll try to gain, but he'll not ſteal your Hearts.

His

His Muſe is ruſtick, and perhaps too plain,
The Men of ſqueamiſh Taſtes to entertain:
Who none but Dutcheſſes will daign to toaſt,
And Favours only from front Boxes boaſt.
That's all Grimace: When Appetites are good,
Be the Dreſs courſe, the Air and Manners rude,
You can take up with wholſom Fleſh, and Blood.
But he deſpairs of pleaſing all the Nation,
'Tis ſo debauch'd with Whims of Reformation.
H' has done his beſt: Here is no wanton Scene
To give the wicked Joy, the godly, Spleen.
Not one poor bawdy Jeſt ſhall dare appear,
For now the batter'd, Veteran Strumpets here
Pretend at leaſt to bring a modeſt Ear.
Here is ſome Love, 'tis true, ſome Noiſe, ſome War,
Enough to pleaſe the Belles, *the* Beaux *to ſcare.*
Some buſtling Patriots too, ſome Rabble-rout,
And Senators of the weak ſide thrown out.
But in all this, here's nothing can offend,
Nothing to loſe one ancient midnight Friend:
He hopes then, when his Cauſe comes on, they'll all attend.
Let Critick Foes remember 'tis paſt Lent,
And all good Chriſtians Curſes then were ſpent.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Coll. *Codrington*, and ſpoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

POets fine Titles for themſelves may find:
I think 'em the Fool-mongers of Mankind.
The charitable Quacks indeed pretend,
They trade in Fools, only thoſe Fools to mend.
Yet they wou'd ſcarce the nauſeous Task endure,
But that, like Bedlam *Doctors, they are ſure*
To get, by ſhowing Fools they cannot cure.
Equal in this, all Plays muſt be confeſt;
Fool is the fav'rite Diſh of the whole Feaſt.
In Farce, the Wit's a Fool, or Fool's a Wit.
In Comedy, the Beau *pretends a right.*
But Tragick Writers ſtill agree to plot
The greateſt Heroe, for the greateſt Sot.
Our Bard t' indulge your Taſte with vaſt delight,
Serv'd up a Senate full of Fools to Night:
Same buſtled hard for Hannibal, *and ſome*
Wou'd venture all the Brains they had for Rome.
Thus fighting Fools ſupport ambitious Knaves:
Whoe're prevail'd, the Capuans *ſtill were Slaves.*
Our pair of Friends ſhine far above the reſt,
With double ſhare of Fool, and Heroe bleſt.

Our

Our Lover wou'd not tempt the Lady's Honour;
Yet had he boldly puſht, and fairly won her,
You'll all allow, he wou'd leſs harm have done her.
Joys well contriv'd are had at eaſier price.
Thank Heav'n our Britiſh *Friends are not ſo nice.*
Our moſt important Fool is ſtill behind:
The Man was marry'd, Sirs, and ſick in mind.
'Twas a meer whim of Honour coſt his Life.
The ſqueamiſh Capuan *wou'd not ſhare his Wife.*
Why Wives are Wives: And he that will be billing,
Muſt not think Cuckoldom deſerves a killing.
What if the gentle Creature had been kiſſing,
Nothing the good Man marry'd for, was miſſing.
Beſides the Rights of Ladies ſacred are:
He ſhou'd have been content with Neighbours Fare.
But ſhe, by her coy Gallant's Crime, was good,
And was not won, becauſe ſhe was not woo'd.
Had he the ſecret of his Birth-right known,
'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have ſhown,
The Wives of half this Race, more luckie than his own.

THE

THE

Fate of Capua.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Senate.

Pac. THIS only I wou'd offer to you more:
My known Alliances, and kindred Blood,
By intercourſe of Marriages with *Rome*,
Cementing long the Honour of my Houſe,
With all the intereſts of that glorious State,
May well proteſt for me, that I adviſe
Abandoning the *Romans* to their Fate,
As neceſſary to avert our own.

2 *Sen.* To avert our own!

Pac. At leaſt you'l join with me,
It may be needful to advance our own.

2 *Sen.* Ay, there I cloſe with you when you ſpeak plain,
The *Romans* Loſs at *Cannæ* ſhows it ſelf
Plainly in this, that their Confederates,
Who had ſtood Ages faſt and firm for *Rome*,
From that moſt dreadful Day began to fail;
Deſerting her in abſolute Deſpair
Of her loſt Empire, not to be reſtor'd.

1 *Sen.* You have a Liſt of all the ſeveral States,
People, and Cities that are fall'n away
From *Rome* to the *Carthaginians*:
Let it be read——

Pac. It has been read already.
Their Number and Example ſhou'd adviſe

Their Neighbours, who intend to follow 'em
As we muſt do, to follow cheerfully;
To jump into our Reſolutions;
What muſt be done, to have it frankly done;
To make a merit of our Forwardneſs;
And not diſgrace the Service we intend,
By cold Debates, Indifference and Delay.

2 Sen. Our Rabble are in barefac'd Mutiny.

3 Sen. And have declar'd themſelves for *Hannibal.*

[*Shouts in ſeveral quarters of the City.*

1 Sen. The noiſe comes this way now.

2 Sen. 'Tis every where.

Enter Decius Magius.

[*Within.*] Make way for *Decius Magius.*

Pac. Decius Magius!

I thought he had giv'n o're the Common-wealth.

Mag. I thought ſo too: But there is nothing certain:
I was in hopes I might have ſtaid at home:
But when a City is in general Flame,
Cripples will find their Legs to cry out Fire.
Age has not much to loſe: But I am come
To awake, to rouze, and warn you of your Ruin.

Pac. What is this Ruin, *Decius Magius?*

Mag. In ſuch an honourable Argument,
As yours may be, in the *Tarentine* War,
A Peace from *Pyrrhus* was propos'd with *Rome*:
The Queſtion almoſt was reſolv'd for *Pyrrhus*:
When *Appius*, as we have it on Record,
Aged and blind, diſabled long before
To the State's Service, and the publick Cares,
Was led into the Senate, and inſpir'd
By Indignation, and his Country's Cauſe,
Sway'd the Debate, never to make a Peace
With any foreign Foe in *Italy*.
I come by his Example: He was happy
In his Succeſs; and ſo may I be bleſt,

So

So may I thrive to Day, as this great Cauſe
That lies before you now is of more worth,
Of weightier worth, and threatning Conſequence.
Pac. A long Preamble: What will be the Tale?
Mag. They ſay, you are upon deſerting *Rome*,
And joyning *Hannibal*: I have a Voice
Before it comes to that, and muſt be heard.
Pac. We have all Voices for our Countries good.
Mag. Our Country's Honour is her chiefeſt good.
Can we forget what *Rome* has been to us?
A foſtering Neighbour of our Infant State:
A kind Rejoycer in our Growth and Strength:
Ever a Friend: And in Adverſity,
(As we have taſted of that bitter Cup,
Now ſwill'd in Pleaſures to the giddy Brim
Of drunken Riot, and Forgetfulneſs:)
In our bad Days, I ſay, ſhe ſtill has been
A Comforter, a Parent, and Protector.
Pac. Well, *Decius Magius*, had you minded us,
If we had been inclining to forget
What, as Allies and Friends, we owe to *Rome*.
But *Vibius Virius*, you our Legate were,
Commiſſion'd to *Rome*'s Conſul: You can ſay——
Vib. That we have paid all our Reſpects of Grief;
Condol'd their Dire Misfortunes, offering
Supplies of all things wanting to their Wars:
This in the general Name of *Capua*:
But Cordials to the Dead are ſo apply'd:
Fortune has left 'em nothing to ſupply.
The *Roman* Legions, Enſigns, Horſe, and Arms,
Men, Money, and Proviſions, routed, ſpoil'd,
All in the Day of *Cannæ* were deſtroy'd,
Or on the Morrow's Plunder of both Camps.
Pac. So that 'tis not enough to aid 'em now:
If you do any thing you muſt reſolve
To undertake their War with *Hannibal*.
Mag. And can you undertake a worthier Cauſe?
Is there a worthier, than a ſocial War?

Our Anceſtors compell'd within theſe Walls,
No longer able to Defend the City,
The *Samnites*, *Cidicines*, inveſting us,
Sinking in Ruin, who upheld us then?
Who, but the *Romans*, cou'd have ſav'd us then?
They took us trembling to Protection:
Suſtain'd a Warr for near a Hundred Years,
With Fortune often varying the Event,
Dreadful to *Italy*, againſt the *Samnites*,
Which they begun, and carry'd on for us:
And is there nothing to be done for them?

4. *Sen.* Why, that is true; if we cou'd do it,
Without an injury to our ſelves.

Mag. Have we not always been affianc'd Friends?
Our Laws, our Cuſtoms, Conſtitutions
Allmoſt a-kin, and, as our Marriages,
Mingled, and wove into our mutual Weal?
The Citizens of *Rome*, and *Capua*,
Enjoying common rights of Burgheſie,
Speak us indeed one People in two States.
So that whatever miſchiefs fall on them,
Betide us too; and we muſt ſtand oblig'd,
By all the Bonds of honeſt Intereſt,
To ſave a Country, equal to us both.

5 *Sen.* That I don't ſo well underſtand neither.

Mag. This is no *Samnite*, no *Hetrurian* War;
Where if one loſe a Neighbour State muſt win;
And tho' the Empire ſhou'd be torn from *Rome*,
It ſtill remains with us in *Italy*.
We ſhall not find it ſo with Foreigners:
The *Carthaginians* are theſe Foreigners:
The *Carthaginians* are our Enemies——

Pac. Hold, have a care——

Mag. I will, to ſpeak the truth;
And ſay again they are our Enemies:
Rivals of Empire, in this ſecond War:
And therefore to be thought the common Foes
Of *Rome*, of *Capua*, and of *Italy*.

4 *Sen.* Urg'd home, and boldly.
Mag. O! let us pay the debt of Glory now!
Tho' *Rome* be drooping, we may raiſe her Head.
Our Forces are unbroken, freſh, entire:
Full thirty thouſand Foot, four thouſand Horſe,
Upon our Muſters in *Campania*:
Money, Munitions, and Proviſions,
With the proud Train and Equipage of War,
Martiall'd, and ready Harneſs'd for the Field,
All high of Heart, and full of able Proof.
If then our Friendſhip, and Fidelity,
Anſwer the firmneſs of our Strength and Power,
Hannibal will not perceive his Victory;
No, nor the *Romans* feel their ſore defeat. [*Shouts again.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

3 *Sen.* Here comes another Meſſenger.
4 *Sen.* The news?
Meſſ. If I had breath, it is not to be told.
The madding Rabble have at laſt poſſeſt
The ſober part, the peaceful Citizens,
Infected by their fury, are in Arms;
And *Capua* now is but one Multitude.
Pac. There is no time for Foreign Argument
Of right and juſt; of future good or ill:
Since what we have to fear, is preſent now,
Imminent, and breaking on our Heads at home.

Enter Marius Bloſius.

Make way——good *Marius Bloſius* take your ſeat:
We know you've done the beſt you can for us:
When you're collected, you will tell us all.
Blo. Diſorders, Tumults, and Confuſions,
Raging with Horror up and down our Streets,
Had ſpent themſelves in Oppoſition
Of their contending Parties; there we hop'd

The

The Uproar wou'd have end: But now they join,
Rabble and Citizens, in horrid League,
And all combin'd in Violence, reſolve
On Miſchiefs more premeditate and bold.

1 *Sen.* Reſolve on what?

2 *Sen.* What Miſchiefs are reſolv'd?

Blo. All who are *Romans* found in *Capua*,
(As we have Families tranſplanted here)
Tho' in the ſervice of our State employ'd,
Or in their private Callings, they have ſeiz'd——

Mag. How! ſeiz'd!

Blo. Men, Women, Children, hudled in the Rout,
Without diſtinction hurry'd and ſhut up,
Under the name of Safety, in our Baths,
The publick Baths, where choak'd with Heat and Smoak,
Their ſtrugling Souls muſt wretchedly expire,
If timely not ſet free.

Mag. If this goes on
Ruin muſt follow: I will ſpare no Pains
For their Deliverance. [Magius *goes out.*

1 *Sen.* Wretched indeed!

2 *Sen.* Barbarous and cruel to our worſt of Foes,
Without a Name to our Allies and Friends!

Pac. No Friendſhip, no Alliance after this.
What they have done, is a ſad Argument
They will do more to carry to their ends.

Blo. Nay, there is more in hand, and to be fear'd,
Directed this way too: For, One and all,
They cry, the Senate's Councils are too ſlow,
That they intend to come and quicken 'em——

1 *Sen.* The Gods forbid!

2 *Sen.* Avert this Danger, Heav'n!

Blo. But that we ſhall no longer buy and ſell
Their Intereſts, with our mercenary Tongues:
That we but hold the Government in truſt
For them, they all have Law enough for that,
They ſay, they can recall it when they pleaſe.
They'l do their Work themſelves; they'l have no more

To

To do with us; we never did 'em good,
Before this time; and now againſt our will;
Affording 'em ſuch juſt occaſion
To throw us off, Senate and Tyranny.
3 *Sen.* Heav'n grant it go no farther.
2 *Sen.* But I fear——
3 *Sen.* They bear us ancient hate on former Scores:
And what the Priviledge of ſuch lawleſs Times,
May ſet 'em on to act, is to be fear'd.
Blo. Nay, what portends the worſt, and threatens moſt:
This head-long Rout, this lew'd ungover'd Crew,
Is Captain'd, headed, and led on by ſome,
The nobleſt Blood, and foremoſt of our Youth:
Who ne're will think their ſervices well pay'd,
But at the price of univerſal Change.
1 *Sen.* They're at our Doors. [*Shouts nearer.*
2 *Sen.* What will become of us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Fly, fly you Senators of *Capua*:
There is no ſafety for you, but in Flight:
The People are determin'd in your Doom,
And now come on to Execution:
They've vow'd to Murder you, and ſo give up
The Common-wealth void of all Government
To *Hannibal*, and *Carthaginian* Power,
To model new, and ſtamp what form he pleaſe:
As the beſt Sacrifice, the juſteſt Means,
To attone his wrath, and puniſh your delay.
Pac. Let us not ſtand confounded in our fears: [*Shouts again.*
Gaping on one another, as relief,
Without our care, wou'd drop into our Mouths.
2 *Sen.* What can we do?
1 *Sen.* We wou'd do any thing.
3 *Sen.* No God to pity us!
4 *Sen.* *Pacuvius*, you have been the Peoples Friend;
Wou'd we had all.

1 *Sen.* Ay

1 *Sen.* Ay, good *Pacuvius*,
You might do much, would you appear for us.
Pac. I had some credit with 'em: what 'tis now——
2 *Sen.* They will hear you.
Pac. I cannot promise that.
But what I can, I will: perhaps I may
Do more than you expect—— but then you must
Give up your Faith entire to what I do;
Lay by your Fewds, and Factions in the Senate;
Submitting all to my Direction.
Omn. Dispose of all, so you deliver us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, The Outside of the Palace.

[*Shouts again.*

Pacuvius *enters with Guards.*

Virginius *heading the Rabble.*

Pac. Shut up the Gates; none to pass in or out,
But by my Orders: if a Senator
Escapes your Guard, you answer with your lives
To our great Lords the People.
1 *Cit.* Why, here's a Lord indeed.
Vir. He does not think himself too great
To be the Peoples Friend.
2 *Cit.* No, no, Lord *Pacuvius* has been always our Friend:
And we will be his upon Occasion: for he shall find himself,
Within this half hour, the only Senator unhang'd in *Capua*.
Pac. My Country-men; my fellow Citizens!
'Tis in your Power now to revenge your selves
On this detested *Senate*, justly fal'n
Under your Sentence; odious grown to all,
Who love the People, or the Common-wealth.
I offer you a full and safe Revenge,
A free Revenge, nothing to Interrupt,
But you may do your Work with decency:

No

No Tumult for one Senator to ſcape in.
Without the danger of invading 'em
In their particular Houſes, which wou'd be
Defended by their Friends, Clients, and Slaves,
I have 'em here, defenceleſs, and alone,
Impriſon'd in the Palace. Say the word
What ſhall be done with 'em?

1 *Cit.* Come, come, open the Gates,
We'll quickly diſpoſe of 'em:

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay, we are Men of Expedition,
And ſo they ſhall find us, to their Coſt:
Every Man take his Senator; We'll hang 'em
Upon the Battlements of the Palace, for a ſtinking
Example to all Common-wealths.

1 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you, I don't like hanging:
There's a great deal to be done in a handſom Execution.

3 *Cit.* Look you, my Maſters, I am but a plain Man to ſee to, as a body may ſay, but I can ſpeak my Mind without being askt, as ſoon as thoſe that are wiſer: Look you, time is precious, and we have a great deal to do with it; make as ſhort work as you can, I adviſe; ev'n cut their Throats, and there's an end on't.

1 *Cit.* Cutting of Throats is but a
Slovenly way of doing Juſtice:
I am for doing things decently, Neighbours, and I believe
I have hit it: This is not an ordinary Day with us, you know,
Why then let's make a Holy-day of it indeed;
Set the Palace a Fire about the Senators Ears,
And there's a Bonfire to our Holy-day.

Om. Agreed, agreed, a Bonfire, a Bonfire.

Pac. It was the very thing I was thinking of——

1 *Cit.* Why very well.

Pac. Nay, it is excellent,
To have the old Drones ſmother'd in their Hives.

Om. No more to be ſaid, Boys;
About it inſtantly, my Lads.

2 *Cit.* We are all in a mind once in our Lives.

Om. Fire the Palace, down with it, Fire the Palace.

Pac. And yet what has this noble building done?
A publick Ornament, a reverend Pile,
That has ſtood Ages— but if you pleaſe to think
It has ſtood long enough, why, down with it;
Who ſhall find fault? It is the Common-wealths,
The People's, and you may diſpoſe your own.

1 *Cit.* How's that? The Palace Ours!
Let's hear him a little upon that Subject.

Pac. The Senators! blow them up in a Blaze:
You will miſs nothing of 'em, but their Beards:
Or if you ſhould, they cheaply are ſupply'd.
But if the Senate Houſe be laid in Aſhes,
Who ſhall repair the Ruine?

Vir. At a time when *Capua* ſtands the Rival of great *Rome*,
You would not ſtrip her of her Palaces,
To leave her naked to her Neighbours ſcorn?

Om. No, no, We don't deſire that neither.

Vir. This venerable Structure may ſtand up
With our moſt celebrated publick Domes,
Sacred and Common, Temples, Theatres,
And all our numerous progeny of Art,
The Monuments of famous Anceſtry,
That ſpeak as loud for us, as *Rome*'s for her:
And wou'd you throw it down?

Pac. If you repent, when it is down, who builds it up again?
The publick Purſe alone, the common Stock
(The Citizens freeborn Inheritance)
Whoever does the miſchief, pays for all.

1 *Cit.* If it be ſo, my Maſters!

2 *Cit.* 'Tis as he ſays, Man, and the caſe is quite alter'd.

1 *Cit.* Why, my Lord, we're at a loſs here
For want of Employment.

2 *Cit.* You have ſav'd the Building, 'tis true,
And we thank you for't: But the Senators—

Om. Ay, ay, the Senators, the Senators——

Pac. I am their Goaler ſtill, to anſwer their forth-coming,
When you pleaſe, and to promote the Juſtice you intend,
Since you are not agreed among your ſelves,
I do propoſe to bring each Senator

Upon

Upon the tryal of his ſingle Merit,
To ſtand or fall, juſt as his Cauſe deſerves:
Your ſelves to be the Judges.

2 *Cit.* Why there you have hit it, my Lord.

1 *Cit.* Every honeſt Man muſt be
Of your Lordſhip's Mind.

Vir. Your ſelves to be the Judges!
Mark you that?

1 *Cit.* Well, my Lord, Pray proceed in your own Method:
We know you're a Friend to us,
We'll be govern'd by you.

Pac. Then in the firſt place, I wou'd have you
So govern your Anger, that your Anger get
Not the upper hand of your Int'reſt and Safety.
For I ſuppoſe your Hatred extends to theſe Senators only;
You like the Conſtitution well enough——

2 *Cit.* My Lord, that's more than we can ſay
With a ſafe Conſcience.

Pac. What! Not like a Senate!

1 *Cit.* To tell you the truth, we don't approve of th' Order,
And wou'd baniſh it the City, if we cou'd.

Vir. You muſt have a Government among you.

Pac. You muſt have a Senate; a Senate is
But the great Council of a free People,
And that's for your Good you muſt own.

2 *Cit.* Well, if we muſt have a Senate——

Pac. Why, that's well ſaid:
Then in order to a Reformation, my Maſters,
There are two things that call upon you at the ſame time;
The diſſolving your old Senate,
And chuſing a new one in the room.

1 *Cit.* Why, there I grant you,
A Senate of our own chuſing we may like.

2 *Cit.* We'll chuſe a Senate, I warrant you.

Pac. I will ſummon the Senators,
One after another, to appear before you:
What you judge of 'em ſhall be executed:
I will only gather your Voices.

1 *Cit.* This is method now.

Pac. Unbar the Gates, and bid the Senators
Prepare themſelves to appear upon their Names.

2 *Cit.* Ay, this is doing buſineſs.

Pac. But one thing you muſt promiſe me, my Friends,
To puniſh none, however criminal,
Before you chuſe an able, honeſt Man
Into his place, as a new Senator.

1 *Cit.* That's fair on every ſide.

Pac. Here is a Roll, agree among your ſelves
Whom to cite firſt———
This Day muſt crown our hopes. [*Going to* Virginius.

Vir. The Deputies are return'd from *Hannibal.*

Pac. Let 'em be ready, I ſhall want 'em ſtraight.

2 *Cit.* Let's ſee, let's ſee, where ſhall we begin,
At the top or the bottom.

3 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you; *Titus Didius* here; begin at him:
I hapned to get a Slave of his with Child,
And he made me marry her, for which
I ſhou'd be very glad to ſee him hang'd.

4 *Cit.* Make 'em into Lots, I ſay,
And let 'em be drawn fairly.

Om. Ay, ay, every Man take his chance.

[*They are buſied in making the Lots, while* Pacuvius *and* Virginius *ſpeak.*]

Pac. O that *Perolla*, my degenerate Son,
Wou'd follow thy Ambition; but he pules,
And Conſcience bound in ſuch a Cauſe as this,
The Cauſe of Empire, baſely ſtands for *Rome*
Againſt his Country, and his Father's Houſe.

Vir. That *Decius Magius* has infected him.

Pac. My old Oppoſer ſtill.

Vir. He has been every where among the Crowd,
To ſpread the Poyſon of his Politicks:
But we had dos'd 'em with our Antidotes;
Timely preventing all the giddy turns,
That might have hapned to that ſickly State;

Confirm'd

Confirm'd the crazy Conſtitution
Of their weak, wavering Minds; and now we have
Scatter'd, diſpers'd the Faction, and the Cauſe,
Quite routed him, and his malignity.
Pac. So that the People all ſtand ſound for us.
But do not truſt 'em with themſelves too long:
They will relapſe into their natural fears,
And cool, without your Fire to keep 'em warm.
Vir. Theſe you'll take care of: I have other parties
To Head, and bring up on occaſion. [*Exit.*

The Citizens come forward, one having drawn a Lot.

1 *Cit.* So, ſo, without favour, or affection, now open it——
Pac. Who have you drawn?
2 *Cit. Rutilius Lupus.* [*Reading the name.*
Pac. Rutilius Lupus there, let him appear.
1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, let him appear,
And be hang'd for his pains, I ſay.
3 *Cit.* Ay, ſo ſay I.
Om. And all of us.

Rutilius Lupus *Enters.*

2 *Cit.* Here, here, he comes.
He has always been an Enemy to the People.
1 *Cit.* And now we'll quit ſcores with him.
Pac. Well, he is doom'd: You do expel him firſt
The Senate—— but before his Puniſhment,
You muſt elect a New one in his Room.
Om. Ay, ay, that's quickly done.
Pac. He may paſs on, we'll talk with him anon.
1 *Cit.* Who ſhall we chuſe Neighbours?
2 *Cit.* Let's lay our Heads together, [R. Lupus *withdraws.*
And do it to purpoſe, once in our Lives.
1 *Cit.* Why, ay, who ſhall we chuſe?
2 *Cit.* Let me ſee——
1 *Cit.* Some body that deſerves very well of the Commons.
Om. That's to be ſure.
1 *Cit.* One that is in the intereſt of his Country;

And

And, if poſſible, will continue ſo
In ſpight of Preferment ——
2 *Cit.* That's the Man, that's the Man.
3 *Cit.* Who, who?
2 *Cit.* Nay, good troth, I can't tell;
We han't found him yet.
1 *Cit.* He muſt be one, we have nothing to ſay againſt——
3 *Cit.* Ay, marry, who may that be?
1 *Cit.* One who wonnot forget his Benefactors,
The People that rais'd him.
2 *Cit.* A very good Quality indeed;
Now name the Man that owns it, and I give him my Voice.
1 *Cit.* Nay, I name no Body.
3 *Cit.* Name no Body! what! We muſt name ſome Body:
Come, I'le name one——*Cecilius Nepos.*——
Om. Cecilius Nepos! there's a Man indeed!
3 *Cit.* What do ye think of him?
Om. We don't think of him.
2. *Cit.* Stay, ſtay, the Senators are call'd Fathers,
You know ——
1 *Cit.* What then?
2 *Cit.* Why, in that ſenſe he may be qualify'd:
And thou doſt honeſtly to ſet him up.
For he is naturally thy Senator,
Being the Father of thy Family.
1 *Cit.* No, no, we'll Father our Children without him,
If we can, with our Wives leave, we'll none of him.
Set up another.
4 *Cit. Titus Volcatius.*
Om. That's worſe and worſe.
1 *Cit.* What ſhall we do with him?
2 *Cit.* He knows nothing of the matter.
1 *Cit.* When he ſhows any management
In his private Affairs, we may
Begin to think of him for the Publick:
In the mean time, let him play the fool
At his own expence, and in private;
As he uſes to do.

4 *Cit.*

4 *Cit.* *Mamellius* then.

1 *Cit.* *Mamellius*! who is he?

2 *Cit.* He is one, that was ſqueez'd out of the Neceſſities of the Government; that has made a hard ſhift to get a mighty Eſtate, by the common Calamities; a plaguy rich Fellow.

1 *Cit.* Rich! as a dunghil may be,
By a Congregation of Filth and Villany.

2 *Cit.* Wou'd he were to be ſo well beſtow'd;
Carry'd out by a common conſent, for he's a Nuſance
As he is, and ſpread abroad for the enriching the Publick.

1 *Cit.* O, ho, I know him, a Viper, that has eaten thro' the Bowels of his Country, in hopes of coming to the Head on't: But I hope he will return as he came, and go out at the Tail.

2 *Cit.* Well, *Furius Philus.*

1 *Cit.* He's too proud for us.

2 *Cit.* *Marcus Mutius.*

1 *Cit.* Let him pay his debts.

2 *Cit.* He pays no Body, as 'tis.

1 *Cit.* And you wou'd give him a priviledge
To ruine his Neighbours.

Pac. Well, are you agreed?

1 *Cit.* Agreed, my Lord, there's nothing to agree upon:
When we come to particulars, 'tis only to find fault:
Men are but men; and, new or old,
The Senate's the ſame.

Pac. Why do you diſſolve this then?

2 *Cit.* We don't diſſolve it.

Om. No, no, we don't diſſolve it.

1 *Cit.* And for this Reaſon, Neighbours, to carry home to your Wives, to ſtop their Mouths withal; becauſe the Evils that we are beſt acquainted with, are always the eaſieſt to be born.

2 *Cit.* Marry I think ſo too.

Om. And all of us.

2 *Cit.* Therefore I am for ſetting
The Senators at Liberty.

Om. Ay, ay, ſet 'em at Liberty.

2 *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* Provided they joyn with us in this buſineſs.

1 *Cit.* Heartily, and ſpeedily, or we ſhall viſit 'em again. And ſo you may tell 'em, my Lord. [*Exeunt ſhouting.*

Pac. I wonnot fail.

Enter Senators.

1 *Sen.* *Pacavius*! O! what Honours are thy due! Statues, and Temples, thou Deliverer!

2 *Sen.* We cannot ſpeak our humble thanks too low, In the deep ſenſe of our acknowledgments.

3 *Sen.* Thou haſt ſav'd our Lives, diſpoſe of them and us——

4 *Sen.* Our Fortunes, Friends, and deareſt Intereſts.

1. *Sen.* Command in all, for we owe all to thee.

Pac. I have been the happy Inſtrument indeed To ſerve the Senate——

2 *Sen.* Nay, to ſave the State.

Pac. And I am nobly pay'd in the good work.

1 *Sen.* The People tho' won't be ſo ſatisfi'd.

Pac. No, they are obſtinate upon their Terms, You muſt comply with 'em.

2 *Sen.* We are agreed in every Article for *Hannibal.*

3 *Sen.* And wou'd declare our ſelves, did not our Friends——

Pac. Under the *Roman* Arms in *Cicily*——

3 *Sen.* As Hoſtages for our Fidelity, Withhold us, till we can provide for them.

Pac. That fear was urg'd before; but you ſhall have It fully anſwer'd by our Deputies: I ſee they are return'd.

Om. O! welcome, welcome!

2 *Sen.* What have you done for us with *Hannibal?*

Dep. We bring moſt advantageous Terms of Peace. Theſe the Conditions; the laſt of which [*Offering a Paper.* Removes the preſent fear, and does provide Expreſly for our Friends in *Cicily.*

3 *Sen.* Let that be read.

Pac. Nay, read 'em not in parts.

Dep. He offers you three Hundred *Roman* Knights,

Which

Which you ſhall chuſe out of his Priſoners,
To give the *Romans*, in a fair Exchange,
For our *Campanian* Youth in Arms with them.
1 *Sen.* He has hit upon the ſole Expedient,
To enſure the Lives and Safety of our Friends.
Pac. He offers more than we cou'd ask of him.
Dep. You'll find him in all points as generous.
Pac. Now are you ſatisfy'd?
3 *Sen.* We ask no more.
Dep. In the juſt confidence of profer'd Love,
He comes himſelf, the Hoſtage of his Faith,
To *Capua*.
Blo. So my Advices ſay, but mention not the time.
Dep. He comes this Day: He's on his March already.
1 *Sen.* Let us prepare for his Reception.
Pac. Summon the People to the *Forum* then,
And let the Articles be read to 'em:
So hand in hand we ſhall proceed in Love,
And act unenvy'd for our Country's good. [*Going.*

Enter Decius Magius.

Mag. *Pacuvius!* You have done moſt worthily,
Saving the Senate: Wou'd you wou'd employ
Your Intereſt with the People always ſo.
The wretched *Romans* wanted ſuch a Friend:
I had no Pow'r: But Death has ſet 'em free.
1 *Sen.* Dead! Are they dead?
[*The Senators go out one after another, and leave him alone.*
Mag. All periſht in the Baths.
And they are left behind, to bluſh in Blood
For this Day's Treaſon, who encourag'd it:
It muſt be anſwer'd for to Gods and Men,
And *Capua* rue it in her Sons unborn;
An impious City of devoted Crimes!
The Vengeance will fall heavy, and, I fear,
Fall wide enough, ev'n to involve us all.
1 *Sen.* Alas! We are not guilty of their Death. [*Goes out.*

2 *Sen.* But mourn alike with you the People's Rage.
[*Goes out.*

3 *Sen.* What cou'd we do? [*Goes out.*

Mag. What are you doing now?
Where are you going? Do you leave me too?
But you indeed have left me long ago.
Your Steps have err'd long from the track of Truth,
And are not worth an honeſt Man's purſuit:
But I will follow. If I can't prevent,
I may proteſt againſt their Practices:
That's in my Pow'r: That will exempt me from
The general Guilt, and juſtifie my Fame:
Let me ſecure my Innocence, and then
Death to an Old Man cannot come too ſoon. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Virginius's *Houſe.*

Favonia *at work with her Women.*

A Song written by a Lady.

WHAT's Beauty? Bright Favonia, *tell.*
The Miſtreſs of it knows it well.
'Tis not Colour, 'tis not Feature,
Eaſie Faſhion, nor good Nature:
Good Teeth, and Hair, a ſmiling Grace,
Can't give Perfection to a Face:
Not yielding Lips, or wiſhing Eyes:
But ſhe is handſom who denies.

A Song in Anſwer written by a Gentleman.

WHAT Beauty is, let Strephon *tell,*
Who oft has try'd it, knows it well:
Not all the Wonders of a Face,
Where Nature triumphs in each Grace,
Not Snowy Breaſts, thro' which is ſeen
The purple Flood that boils within,

Not

Not Lips, when Wit with eaſe beguiles,
Whilſt playſom Cupids *dance in Smiles,*
Not Touth, not Shape, not Air, not Eyes,
She only charms me who complies.

Virginius *enters to 'em.*

Vir. Among your Women in your Huſwifry!
Fye, 'tis a Profanation of the Day,
Sacred, and ſet apart from common uſe,
And dedicated to the publick Joy.
Fav. The publick Joy, my Lord!
Vir. The general Joy:
In which I have ſecur'd a part for thee,
A liberal ſhare for my *Favonia.*
Fav. May I ſecure my private Peace at home:
And for the publick, let the Joy, and Grief,
Fall to their different Fates, who riſe and fall.
The State does not concern a Woman's Care:
Yet, Sir, I thank you for remembring me.
Vir. Doſt thou! Well, there's ſomething ev'n in that;
There is a kind of Gratitude in Thanks,
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but Words.
Fav. I do not underſtand——
Vir. Thou doſt not; true:
And that's the very root of my Complaint,
That any thing relating to my Love
Shou'd ſtill be ſtrange, not underſtood by thee.
Fav. My Lord——
Vir. O! thou art cold in my reception,
Thou can'ſt not think thy ſelf, but thou art cold.
I wou'd have met my Welcome in thy Arms,
My eager Welcome in thy longing Arms,
That ſhou'd have cruſh'd me inward to thy Heart,
Into thy Heart, if it were poſſible,
Throbbing and beating with the Pulſe of Love:
That, that had been a Welcome fit for me;
And a juſt Recompence of all my Pains.

Fav. Indeed, my Lord, I owe you every thing,
In recompence of what you have done for me:
But for your welcome, that you bring along
With you; 'tis yours, as you are Maſter here:
And if I have not ſerv'd it up to you,
As does become the Duty of my place,
With that frank Cheerfulneſs to give content,
Let me not anſwer for my Nature's Faults.

Vir. Nay, now thou art too ſerious.

Fav. I am unhappy in the want of all
Thoſe neceſſary, natural Arts to pleaſe.

Vir. Thou art above the little reach of Arts,
And can'ſt want nothing, but the Will, to pleaſe.

Fav. What is there that I can invite you to,
That you do not diſpoſe of?

Vir. Nothing, nothing:
Thou art all mine; and let me tell my Heart,
That hourly grows more covetous of thy Love,
And therefore buſie to torment it ſelf,
Its Fears are vain, and thou art wholy mine.

Fav. I own your Title, and you are the Lord
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Vir. Why, what wou'd I have more? There's nothing more.
I do confeſs that I am happier
Than I deſerve to be; much happier:
I commit many Faults, but none to thee.
O! cou'd thy gentleneſs of Soul infuſe
Its Spirit into my Breaſt, to temper mine;
How ſhou'd I then be bleſt! But who can tell?
Perhaps 'tis better order'd as it is.
Indifference wou'd never ſuit my Fate.
My Paſſions are unruly, and ſometimes
Break looſe on my beſt Friends: But then you ſhou'd
Conſider 'em as the effects of Love:
As the effects! Nay, they are Love it ſelf
For Love it ſelf is all the Paſſions,
At leaſt to me: Whether it be Deſire,
Or Hope, or Fear, or Anger, or Revenge,

In

In all its different Motions, ſtill 'tis Love.
Love, Love! The great Incendiary here!
His Torch ſets all this little World on Fire:
And let it burn, to purifie my flame:
For Life and Love ſhall both burn out together.

Servant enters to him.

Serv. Sir, you are ſtay'd for.
Vir. So, ſo, well, I come.
I have forgot my ſelf, my buſineſs too,
With looking on thee. Can'ſt thou tell me, Love,
What 'twas I came about?
Fav. Buſineſs, you ſay.
Vir. I fancy'd I had mighty buſineſs here:
But now I find 'twas but a fond pretence
To come and viſit thee.
Fav. You're always kind.
Vir. The hurry and the ſtruggle of the Day,
You were Inform'd in by my Meſſengers.
Fav. They hourly brought me the particulars.
And there are ſomethings done, which I could wiſh——
Vir. Things which I thought I cou'd not have allow'd;
And, but to raiſe thy Fortune, never wou'd——
Fav. Pray heav'n they do not overturn it quite.
Vir. But they muſt paſs with others in the Crowd.
There will be miſchief in confuſion:
I had forgot: Thou art a Stranger ſtill
To the ſad News: Thy Rival is no more.
Fav. My Rival!
Vir. Yes, thy Rival in my heart.
You had it all between you, Wife and Friend:
Junius, that Friend is dead.
Fav. Dead! Is he dead?
Vir. He fell at *Canna*: Had he been alive,
And ſtill a *Roman* in his intereſt;
I never cou'd have been a Foe to *Rome*.
I have an hour of grief to Dedicate——

But

But this is not the time. I'm call'd upon.
Hanibal comes, the glorious *Hannibal.*
His entry will be moſt Magnificent,
And will reward your Curioſity.
I will provide you Place, and ſend for you. [*Exit.*

Favonia *alone.*

Fav. What? what is there that I can want on Earth,
To fill the meaſure of my happineſs?
Why am I not contented with my Lot?
So kind a Husband falls not to the fate
Of every Wife: All that he ſays, and does,
All his deſigns are working ſtill for me:
And yet I cannot thank him, as I ought.
Not but I ever had a dutious Senſe——
But that is not the payment of the Heart.
He asks my Love, and not my Gratitude.
And why is that deny'd? O! *Junius!*
But thou art dead, and I may name thee now.
I made it Criminal to pronounce his Name,
Avoiding every way all news of him,
Endeavouring to forget him, if I cou'd.
But Oh! the torment, and the rack of Soul!
To keep our thoughts for ever on the bent
Upon themſelves, ſtill labouring to forget,
What, by the labour, we remember more.
Why didſt thou come between him, and my Heart?
Why rather did my Husband place thee there,
By bringing thee into the Family?
I ſaw no danger, till it was too late.
But what have I not done, and ſuffer'd too,
To drive thee thence, to make *Virginius* room?
I have maintain'd an everlaſting War
Within this Breaſt, ſtill fighting on his ſide:
Have ſummon'd all my ſuccours to my Aid;
My Native Powers, and the Confederate Force
Of Reaſon, Duty, Virtue; nay brought down

The

The Woman's laſt Reſerve of all, my Fame:
Weak Aids, alas! againſt the Tyrant Love.
But he's depos'd, and Death has ſet me free:
A greater Tyrant gives me Liberty. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forum.

Decius Magius *with* Perolla, *and two or three of his Clients among the Citizens.*

Mag. A Garriſon in *Capua*! O! prevent,
Reſiſt their Entrance, block their Paſſage up.
Remember *Pyrrhus*, and the *Tarentines*;
His inſolent Rule, and their ſubjected State.
Per. They are already enter'd.
Mag. Let 'em not poſſeſs themſelves,
Expel 'em, drive 'em out:
Or if, by a brave memorable Blow,
You wou'd redeem your baſeneſs to your Friends,
Cut 'em in pieces, and compound with *Rome*.
Per. They are not of your Party. They fall off. [*Citizens*
Mag. Old honeſty is us'd to ſtand alone. *ſneak off.*
Per. Here comes my Father.
Mag. Good young Man retire:
I may ſay ſomething that you wou'd not hear.

Pacuvius *with the Senators in their Robes, croſſing the Stage.*

Pac. Widen our Gates; let our encircling Walls
Sink in the Earth, that nothing may appear,
Ev'n in a ſeeming Oppoſition,
To ſtand againſt the conquering *Hannibal*:
The Conqueror of *Rome*, but *Capua*'s Friend.
1 *Sen.* We need no Ramparts now, no Bulwarks, Walls,
We're ſtrongly Fortify'd in *Hannibal*.

Mag.

Mag. What are the Forces that he brings along?
Not only *Africans*, but Nations drawn
From the extreameſt limits of the Earth;
Hercules's Pillars, and the Ocean's Bounds:
Who have no knowledge of Humanity:
And but in Humane Speech differ from Beaſts:
Brutal, and Bloody: but their Leader has
Advanc'd their natural Barbarity:
Erecting Monſtrous Bridges of the Dead,
On Human Bodies urging his proud way——

2 *Sen.* Nay, *Decius Magius.*

Mag. And, as an abſolute Maſter of the Warr,
Defying Famaine in his horrid Camp,
Has taught 'em to devour the Fleſh of Men.

1 *Sen.* Now, *Magius*, you grow Dangerous indeed.

Mag. Are theſe to be our Friends? theſe our Allies?
Who that is but a Son of *Italy*,
Can ſee, and ſuffer ſuch deteſted Slaves,
Whom but to touch is a Pollution;
Such obſcene Villains to become our Lords?
What! ſhall we turn a Province to their Power?
Who wou'd depend on *Affrick* for her ſmiles,
That looks upon the fair-tac'd *Italy*?
Can you conſent, that ſhe ſhou'd fall at laſt;
A ſober Matron, and unſully'd yet,
With all her Graces, to the ſwarthy ſpoil
Of hot *Numidians*, and luſt-burnt *Moors*?

Pac. We'll hear no more. *Perolla*, if thou art a Son of mine,
Leave him, and follow me. Forward, my Lords.

Mag. I have done with *Hannibal.*
And now, *Pacuvius*, a word to thee.

Per. I know my Duty here, and will withdraw
From what I fear, a Father's Infamy. [*Exit.*

Pac. This you muſt anſwer.

Mag. To the Gods, and Men,
I'le anſwer it; wou'd thou cou'dſt do as much,
For what thou haſt done.

Pac. I have ſerv'd the Common-wealth——

Mag.

Mag. Thou haſt ſerved thy ſelf.
Pac. And 'tis thy Envy rails.
Mag. O! that there was no juſter cauſe to ſpeak!
But ſure there's not ſo reprobate a Wretch,
To envy thee the ruin of thy Country.
Pac. The ruin of thy peeviſhneſs and pride.
Mag. That Fame unenvi'd ſhall be wholly thine.
Thou canſt not as a free-born Citizen,
But underſtand, that true proſperity
Lives in a common ſhare of liberty:
Not in the plunder of our Neighbours rights.
Pac. Who has invaded 'em?
Mag. Thou wouldſt be firſt:
And would thou hadſt been ſo, in dignity
Of honeſt deeds: but that was not enough.
Pac. I find I am arraign'd: What was there more?
Mag. Thou haſt long practiſed on the Government:
Poys'ning its wholeſome Conſtitution,
By lawleſs, bold experiments of power.
And now they are broke out in Tyranny,
To infect the health and life of Liberty.
Pac. Becauſe I have appear'd the peoples friend.
Mag. Thou did'ſt betray the people to themſelves,
By taking off their ſafe reſtraining Laws:
And then the Senate to the Peoples rage:
That by the credit of redeeming both,
Thou might'ſt betray Us all to *Hanibal.*
Pac. 'Tis very well; go on; let him go on.
Mag. What is the puny part that thou muſt act
In this poor Farce of thy Ambition?
What will it end in? O! thou would'ſt be fear'd,
Rather than lov'd; thou ſhalt be hated too;
And then what comes of thee? Who can be happy
On ſuch conditions of an anxious Life;
That ev'n his Murd'rer ſhall not only 'ſcape
Unpuniſht, but ſhall be rewarded too?
All good Men will combine againſt thy life:
Tho this may want deſign to lay the Plot;

A ſecond, Courage to attempt the Deed;
Another want an Opportunity;
All will conſent, and wiſh to have it done.
It is enough for gallant Minds to know
How honourable in the enterprize,
How grateful in the general benefit,
How glorious in the Renown and Fame,
It is to kill a Tyrant. *Hannibal*,
Immur'd in walls of Steel, cannot be ſafe.

Pac. O! he'll take care to ſave himſelf from you.

Mag. Where then can'ſt thou from Juſtice hide thy head?

Pac. The Laws are living ſtill, to puniſh ſuch
Licentious tongues.

Mag. By Death, or Baniſhment?
Say which, thou Tyrant; which do'ſt thou pronounce?
Death drives us from the fellowſhip of mankind:
But Baniſhment from only ſuch as thee.
Before I take my Journey, I preſer
Theſe two Petitions to the immortal Gods:
The Firſt, That I may leave my Country free:
The next, *Pacuvius*, thou wilt joyn me in:
And we will bind all our poſterity
In the ſtrong Charm, as guilty of this Vow:
That all that does belong to thee, and me,
Our Children, Kindred, Family, and Name,
May flouriſh, or decay, may riſe, or rot;
Be bleſt, or curſt, as thou and I deſerve
From *Capua*, and from the Commonwealth.

Pac. Thou haſt Curſt thy ſelf, and ſo expect thy Fate.

Pacuvius *goes out with the Senators:* Magius *remains only with his Clients:* Perolla *returns to him.*

Mag. When I was Young, I fought for *Capua*,
And wonnot now deſert her, being Old:
But all my bravery is in my Tongue,
I can but talk, and that unminded too.

Per.

Per. I fear you'll find you've done and ſaid too much.

Enter *An Officer.*

Off. Stand, *Decius Magius*---
Mag. Well, I am the Man.
Off. I come from *Hannibal*, to ſummon you to appear before him.
Mag. Tell your *Hannibal*
His Punick Language is not currant here:
We do not underſtand his ſummoning:
He has no right upon a *Capuan*:
I am free-born, and therefore wonnot come. [Exit *Officer.*
Per. O Sir, you are undone.
Mag. I think not ſo.
Cli. The Snares are ſet, you cannot 'ſcape 'em now.
Per. You are encompaſs'd round with Enemies.
Mag. Better encompaſs'd round with Enemies,
Than live to be forſaken of our Friends.
Diſtreſs is Virtue's Opportunity;
We only live, to teach us how to dye. [*Exeunt.*

Favonia enters.

Fav. What is this Pomp of *Hannibal* to me?
I cannot loſe my ſelf ev'n in the Crowd;
His coming wou'd be welcome, cou'd it guard
All other Images from entring here.
While I am gazing on the Triumph, one,
Meaning no harm, cries, This is the reward
Of *Canne*'s Field: I ſtart, and take the hint,
Purſuing it quite through that Scene of Blood,
Till it preſents at laſt my *Junius* ſlain:
My *Junius*, O! the guilt of that Surprize!
Why muſt I harbour in my Boſom Thoughts
Thus to ſurprize me to my ſin and ſhame?
I ſhall betray my ſelf in Company,

Therefore moſt fit for me to ſtay at home.
Oh! let the ſteps of Youth be cautious,
How they advance into a dangerous World;
Our Duty only can conduct us ſafe:
Our Paſſions are Seducers: but of all,
The ſtrongeſt, Love: he firſt approaches us,
In childiſh play, wantoning in our Walks,
If heedleſly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing way,
We're loſt, and hardly to return agen:
We ſhou'd take warning, he is painted blind,
To ſhow us, if we fondly follow him,
The Precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let Virtue take him by the hand,
Directed ſo, he leads to certain joy. [*Exit.*

Citizens enter.

3 *Cit.* Is there no more to be ſeen? is the Shew over already? Is this all?

1 *Cit.* All, Why, what did you expect?

3 *Cit.* Expect, marry, I expected.

2 *Cit.* You ſaw *Hannibal*, did you not?

3 *Cit.* Yes, yes, I ſaw *Hannibal*:
But, what? I thought he had been half as big as one of his Elephants: Your Heroes, I find, are little more than other Men, when you come near to examine 'em.

1 *Cit.* But did you mind his looks?

2 *Cit.* How terrible he lookt with that one Eye!

3 *Cit.* Very terrible indeed.

1 *Cit.* I ſtood by him a good while, and heard all that he ſaid to the Senate when they met him.

2 *Cit.* And what, what did he ſay?

1 *Cit.* Why, he began very civilly, that's the truth on't, and thankt us for preferring his Friendſhip before our Alliance with the *Romans*.

2 *Cit.* And what more?

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Why, he assur'd us, that *Capua* should, in a little time, be the Capital City of *Italy*.

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry Sirs.

1 *Cit.* And that the *Romans* themselves, as well as other People, shou'd do Homage to us, and fall under our Government.

2 *Cit.* Nay, *Pacuvius* told us as much; that when the War was at an end, and *Hannibal* the Conqueror, he wou'd carry back his Forces into *Afric*, and leave us the Empire of *Italy*. We shall all be Great Men.

1 *Cit.* But I did not so well like the end of his Speech.

2 *Cit.* How so?

1 *Cit.* 'Twas all against *Decius Magius*: and truly he came to plain speaking at last, and told 'em roundly, He expected they shou'd deliver him into his Power.

2 *Cit.* And what said the Senators?

1 *Cit.* Why truly, not much to the purpose at that time: Some said *Magius* did not deserve to be so us'd neither; others, That such a beginning would have an ill end; but they agreed at last to deny nothing to *Hannibal*, and so gave the old Man up to his mercy.

2 *Cit* See where he comes.

3 *Cit.* O what a Sight is here?

1 *Cit.* A Rope about his Neck, and bound in Chains.

2 *Cit.* A *Carthaginian* Guard upon him too.

An Officer enters with a Guard of Carthaginians *before and behind* Magius, *chain'd with a Rope about his Neck, and led along by a Lictor.*

Offi. Have your Eyes every way upon the Crowd;
If any man but seems to pity him, [*To the Guards.*
Secure him as an Enemy to the State.

Mag. You see, my Countrymen, the libert,
You have brought home at last for you, and yo s.
Here, in the *Forum*, in the barefac'd Sun,
You see a Citizen of *Capua*,
Second to none in Name and Dignity,

Torn

Torn from his Friends, and forc'd in Chains to death;
Go meet your *Hannibal*, crowd all your Streets;
Dreſs up your Houſes, and your Images,
And put on all the City's Finery,
To conſecrate this Day a Feſtival
Of Barbarous Triumph over you and me.

Off. I'll ſpoil your ſpeech-making; drag him along.

[Exeunt, *The Lictor, dragging* Magius *off the Stage.*

1 *Cit.* O! piteous Spectacle.

3 *Cit.* Piteous indeed,

1 *Cit.* This is the ſetting out of Slavery.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis well if it goes no farther:
Not allow us to pity our Fellow Citizens!

3 *Cit.* Ay, did you mark that?

2 *Cit.* They begin to ſhew themſelves already.

1 *Cit.* In Colours I don't like:
We may repent too late what we have done.

Enter more Citizens to 'em.

4 *Cit.* O you have loſt the beſt of the Shew, the ſight of the Priſoners, and the Buſhel of Gold-Rings.

1 *Cit.* What! there were ſo many *Roman* Knights kill'd, and taken at *Cannæ*, that their ſeveral Rings, in a heap together, fill'd a Buſhel.

4 *Cit.* So they ſay, indeed.

1 *Cit.* Why, then their Buſhel lies out of all meaſure, in my opinion.

4 *Cit.* The three hundred Knights that were deliver'd to us, wou'd have been worth your ſeeing; gallant Fellows indeed, and wounded moſt of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Some body ſaid, That *Junius* was found among the Priſoners.

4 *Cit.*

4 *Cit.* Yes, yes, *Junius*, our Countryman was among 'em; he was ſaid to be kill'd at *Cannæ*, but he's alive again, and in a way to do very well.

1 *Cit.* He's a Priſoner, you ſay.

4 *Cit.* No, his old Friend *Virginius*, upon the merit of his violence, and the credit of his Father *Pacuvius*,
Has made an intereſt with *Hannibal*,
And, they ſay, has got him his liberty.

2 *Cit.* All in good time: but *Decius Magius*,
Let's follow all, to know what comes of him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius *with an* Officer, *and Guard.*

Vir. O *Junius*! how art thou reſtor'd to life!
And I by miracle to happineſs!
For tho the bounteous Gods have bleſt my Fate
With all the good things, elſe, of this great World;
Yet wanting thee, wanting my other ſelf,
I could not be entire to my content,
Not abſolute, nor perfect in my joy.
But they have brought thee back to me again,
And through ſuch 'mazing paths of Providence,
We cannot trace, and only can admire.
Thus thy good fortune riſes from the bad.
Hadſt thou not been at *Cannæ*, taken there;
Had we not leagu'd our State with *Hannibal*;
Thou had'ſt not been among the Priſoners,
The *Roman* Knights, to be deliver'd here:
Thou had'ſt not ſeen thy Country, City, Friends;
Nor ſhould I had the intereſt and power
With *Hannibal*, to gain thy liberty.

Jun. I wonnot be oblig'd, for any thing,
I do not underſtand a benefit.
I'm Priſoner of an honourable War;
And do deſpiſe my Freedom, but on terms
As brave and honeſt, as I parted with it:
Such terms I muſt deſpair of finding here.

Vir.

Vir. We do invite you to an equal ſhare
Of all the advantages of Government,
Of Place, and Power, with us in *Capua*.
Jun. Therefore I do refuſe my liberty.
Vir. You wonnot ſure refuſe it from a Friend.
Jun. I have no Friend, nor I pretend to none.
Vir. You have been mine, and you have thought me yours.
Jun. That was in our young days; when every thing
Was ſwallow'd, and went credulouſly down.
Our pleaſures hurrying on in the ſame courſe,
When we purſu'd 'em with the ſame deſires,
With the ſame ſtretch, and eagerneſs of Youth:
Our manners too in every thing ally'd;
Then we were Friends for our convenience.
But when the buſineſs of the World comes on,
Juſtling between ambitious intereſts,
Tis then, in the great voyage of our Life,
As if our Veſſels ſtruck upon a Rock,
Each ſhifts a ſeveral way to 'ſcape the wreck,
And ſink, or ſwim, my Friend; nay, plunge him down,
So by his ruin, I get ſafe to ſhore.
Vir. It never can be ſo between us two.
I have no ambition, have no intereſt,
That Friendſhip can ſuſpect, or ſplit upon.
Friendſhip is riches, power, all, to me.
Friendſhip's another Element of life:
Water and Fire not of more general uſe,
To the ſupport and comfort of the World;
Than Friendſhip to the being of my Joy.
I would do every thing to ſerve a Friend.
Jun. And I would ſerve a Friend in honeſt things:
I do pretend no farther. You, and I,
You ſee, have very different ſentiments;
Therefore unlikely to continue Friends.
If from our former Brotherhood of Love,
You do ſuſpect I may have any claim,
Againſt her intereſt, that ſhould have it all,
Here I renounce it, I reſign it here.

And now let's heartily ſhake hands, and part;
To your high Fortune, You; I to my Fate.
Vir. My Fortune and your Fate ſhall be but one.
Jun. They are impoſſible to reconcile:
You happy, I am born to be a Wretch:
You free, and I condemn'd to be a Slave.
O! had I fal'n with Honour in the Field,
How many miſeries had ended there!
Death had ſecured me then from being led
In Triumph here, over my Country's Shame.
I hate your *Hannibal*, I hate your Cauſe:
And now can only be a Friend to *Rome*.
And if I ever come at Liberty,
It ſhall be but to ſtrike againſt you all.
Offi. You hear him, he is not to be reclaim'd.
Vir. This is the preſent ſenſe of ſuffering;
The grief of unheal'd Wounds: all will be well.
Offi. You cannot truſt him with his liberty.
Vir. With my own life I will.
Jun. Have you reſolv'd
About the trifle of diſpoſing me?
Vir. My Houſe your Priſon, I muſt be your Guard.
Jun. With your own hands you ſet it then on fire.
Offi. He has warn'd you, and the conſequence be yours.

[*Exeunt* Junius *following* Virginius.

SCENE, Virginius's *Houſe*.

Favonia *enters*, *a Woman following*.

Fav. I'LE hear no more: when next thou ſpeak'ſt to me,
Let blood, and death, and ruin be the Theme.
Talk of the Maſſacres of Families,
Plunder of Cities, and whole Countries waſte.
A private miſchief is not worth the news.

Tell me that all the dire Calamities
Of raging War, chain'd up in diſcipline,
Are now broke looſe, trooping in horrid march,
To fright the World, the brood of *Cerberus*,
And worry all, like the black-guard of Hell.
That Luſt and Rapine do divide the Spoil:
That Giant Murder does beſtride our Streets,
Stalking in ſtate, and wading deep in Blood.
My Father Butcher'd, weltring in his Gore:
A Dagger in the Throat of my dear Child:
And thou ſhalt be as welcome then as now. [*Exit Woman.*
That *Capua* is in Univerſal Blaze;
All, all the winds of Heaven driving this way,
And nothing but my Tears to quench the Flame.
—— *Junius* alive! ev'n that would give me Death.
In *Capua* too! that brings it nearer ſtill.
In the ſame houſe! that ſtabs the Dagger home:
It hurries me to Execution,
And Execution too upon the Rack:
Let me be out of pain, before he comes.
What corner ſhall I find to hide this head in?
Where is that Dungeon-darkneſs that can blind
The eye of Jealouſie? my Husband comes
To draw me to the hateful Light again,
To drag me to the tryal of my truth.
What can I plead? O guilty, guilty Wretch!
There is no courage, but in Innocence:
No conſtancy, but in an honeſt cauſe.
Thy Conſcience is a thouſand witneſſes:
And *Junius*, the chief Acceſſary, he
Stands out againſt thee, and confeſſes all.
I'le hear no more: pronounce my ſentence quick,
Let it be Death, to end me any way. [*Exit.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius.

Vir. I need not tell you, you command all here,
And that you have your Liberty entire.

Ha!

Ha! *Junius*! why that paleneſs on thy face?
Thy alter'd looks ſpeak thy condition,
Thou art not well.
Jun. Indeed I am not well.
Vir. Expence of Spirits, and the loſs of Blood.
With needful care they will recruit again.
Reſt on my arm, and let me lead you in.

SCENE *Changes to* Favonia's *Appartment.*

[Favonia *leaning on her hand in a Chair.*
Virginius *leading* Junius *into the Room.*

Vir. Favonia ——
Fav. Ha! who calls?
Jun. I can no more: I muſt end here, [*Faints at the ſight*
Fav. Ha! *of* Favonia, *She*
Vir. Fall into theſe Arms, *Shrieks at ſight*
They never will refuſe to bear thee up. *of Him.*
Favonia, call for help; he comes again;
Stay; lend your hand; ſoft, gently, ſet him down.
[*In the Chair She riſes out of.*

How is it now?
Jun. Confounded in my ſhame,
That my infirmity ſhould here intrude.
Your pardon, Madam, will recover me.
Vir. Rally your routed ſpirits to your aid,
Reſt will compoſe and bring 'em back again.
I cannot ſtay with you, but will return
To cheer, to comfort you, and to renew
The paſt endearments of our former Friendſhip.
I will provide you Balm for all your Wounds:
My Wife her ſelf, your kind Phyſician,
Will wait upon you, till I come again. [*Exit.*

Favonia, *and* Junius.

Jun. I'm hunted to the brink of the Abyss:
Plunge in I must, and to the bottom now.
But first upon my Knees let me fall down,
Trembling, and aw'd, and fearful of your Frown,
Bespeaking pardon, if I wildly shou d,
In questioning the Gods upon my Fate,
Say any thing towards disturbing you.
Fav. O rise, I must not hear you on your Knees.
Jun. I m blest, that you will hear me any way.
But O! the Accent of my Voice is chang'd:
You cannot know it now in misery.
There was a time, in the gay Spring of Life,
When every Note was as the mounting Lark's
Merry, and cheerful, to salute the Morn;
When all the day was made of Melody.
But it is past, that day is spent, and done,
And it has long been night, long night with me.
I have been happier, you have known me so.
Fav. Alas! there is no Fortune perfect here.
Jun. Indeed I find it: When I enter'd first
Into the List of this contending World,
I promis'd fair for a more prosperous course:
The Favourite of Fortune, and the Friend,
To perfect all, of my *Virginius*:
We liv'd the envy of our *Capuan* Youth,
The most aspiring to the Glorious Fame
Of Friendship, only imitated us,
So blest you found us.
Fav. Would to all the Gods,
I ne're had come between you, to divide,
To part such Friends.
Jun. O! had we parted there:
He to the rich possession of your Charms;
I to a poorer Fortune in my Love;
Yet rich enough, and happy in content,

All

All had been well: But he would have me home.
Fav. O! I remember his impatience.
Jun. To be a Witneſs of his happineſs.
And ſo I was. I hear'd him every day
Tranſported in the Riot of the Theme;
Full of the raviſhing Diſcoveries
He hourly made in that bleſt Land of Love:
The ever riſing Springs of flowing Joy;
The hoarded Mines of treaſures, yet unborn:
With ſuch a rapture of variety
Of Pleaſures that were ever growing there.
It was not ſafe to hear, I found it ſo.
Fav. O Curs'd effect of fooliſh Vanity!
Jun. What was it to approach then, to behold,
And face to face examine and compare
The Copied Beauties with the Original?
O! they were faint, and the deſcription cold,
Heavy and dead, to the inſpiring Life:
And what I thought Extravagance before,
Prov'd eaſie to the Wonders I ſaw there.
Fav. What will this end in?
Jun. Can we reſolve to gaze upon the Sun
With ſteady Eyes? ſoon blinded by that Pride
I loſt my way; and found my ſelf too late,
Born down the torrent of a Paſſion,
That always ended in a Sea of Woe:
I plainly ſaw Ruin attend my Steps;
Therefore reſolv'd to lead 'em far away,
Where they might never come to trouble you.
But O! it was with all the violence
Of Pangs, in Death, that I at laſt reſolv'd,
And yielded to that only Remedy:
A Remedy worſe than the worſt of Deaths
To fly the Place, where I muſt die for Love,
Or live a Traitor to my Friend and Fame.
Fav. What have you ſaid?
Jun. If I have ſaid too much,

Believe, I rather had in ſilence dy'd,
Than to have ſpoke at all: This was the fate
I labour'd to avoid. But who can ſhun
His Deſtiny? it follows every where:
Capua, or *Rome*, or *Canne*, ſtill the ſame.
I would have welcom'd it, that fatal day;
But there it loſt me in the Crowd of Death.
This was the place of Execution;
And it has caught, and ſeiz'd, and bound me here:
I'm on the Rack: What I diſcover now,
Is only the expreſſion of my Pain,
Wrung from my heart, long overcharg'd, and full,
Which elſe ſhould burſt with its Convulſive throws,
Rather than eaſe its Labour by a Groan,
A trembling Sigh, that might offend your Ear.

Fav. O *Junius!* whither are you going? hold.

Jun. A little farther, and I ſhall arrive
At my long home, the Goal of my Deſpair.
To ask your Pardon, wou'd repeat my Fault:
To ask your Pity, were to draw you in,
By ſteps of mercy, to a tenderneſs,
Criminal, and guilty, to reprieve a Wretch,
Who, for the Common Peace, and yours, muſt die.
There is no Ward againſt ſuch Blows as theſe;
They ſtagger me, and I at laſt muſt fall.
Since I am doom'd to be a Sacrifice
Of fatal friendſhip, and of hopeleſs love. [*Falls at her*
Here let me fall, I wou'd be offer'd here; *Feet, ſhe*
Allow me dying to confeſs my Love *breaks his*
In my laſt Sigh, and at your feet expire. *Fall, and*

Fav. 'Tis I am bound, and torn upon the Rack! *kneels by*
I cannot bear it, *Junius*, *Junius*: *him to reco-*
Look up, and live, and I'll confeſs enough *ver him.*
For you, and for my ſelf, all that I know, all that I ever heard of wretchedneſs;
What you have undergone, what I have felt;
What I now feel from this tormenting Love.

Where

Where am I going? help there--- O he comes
Again to life--- fly, fly to my relief.

Women enter, run to assist Junius, *and lead him off.*

Use all your Arts, his weakness to restore;
My cure must be, never to see him more.

[*Exit* at another Door.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Pacuvius *and* Perolla.

Pac. I VE watch't thee with a careful Parents eye,
Follow'd through all the motions of thy Soul
And cannot find it, therefore have withdrawn,
To give thee place, and opportunity.
Per. And therefore have I follow'd you, my Lord,
To tell you what it is I labour with.
Pac. 'Tis mighty ſure, when the great *Hannibal*
Not only has forgiv'n, but honour'd thee,
At his high Table, bidding thee his Gueſt,
That can diſgrace his Invitation,
Poyſon his Feaſt, and in a general Mirth,
Make ſad the brow of Youth with diſcontent.
Per. 'Tis a deſign to raiſe my Countries Fame.
Pac. Thy Countries Fame!
Per. You ſee this Dagger here,
A little inſtrument for ſo great a work,
But well employ'd, and gallantly ſtruck home.
Pac. Struck home!
Per. Into the heart of *Hannibal*,
Wou'd yet attone our infamous revolt.
Pac. O *Jupiter*! thou great deliverer!
Per. I have reſolv'd to make our peace with *Rome*,
And ſeal it with this *Carthaginian's* Blood.
'Tis fit that you ſhould know what I intend:

If

If you approve the deed, then ſee it done;
If not, take this occaſion, and retire.
Pac. By all the bonds of Duty, and of Love,
That tye a Son and Father's hearts in one,
I beg, implore, conjure thee to deſiſt:
Let me arreſt thee in this horrid courſe,
That leads through all the ſteps of infamy,
Into the gulf of ſure Perdition.
Per. I think not ſo.
Pac. But now, before the Altars of the Gods,
We interchang'd our Souls, and plighted Faith,
With right-hands joyn'd, in ſolemn, holy league
Of Sacred Truſt: and was there nothing meant
By theſe good rites of hoſpitality,
More than, when we had feaſted, drank, and laught;
To get a nearer opportunity
To perpetrate the foulеſt act of ſhame,
And Stab our Entertainer?
Per. How my Lord!
Our Entertainer? you compell'd me here.
Pac. Your Benefactor; he has ſav'd your life.
Per. So is the Robber, that but takes my goods:
And ſhall I thank him for not doing more?
Pac. If there is nothing Sacred; if you think
Religion, Faith, and Piety, reſtraints
But for the weak, then let looſe all the Reins.
Yet when you undertake a Villany,
Act like a Man, not raſhly throw away
Honour and life in the mad enterprize.
Per. My life I have devoted to my Cauſe,
And Honour muſt attend it, when it goes.
Pac. What! would you ſingly ſtrike at *Hannibal*?
Where is the circle of his Officers?
His waiting Slaves, and his attending Guards?
The many eyes that only wake for him?
The many hands always in arms for him?
All blind, and dead? are they confounded all?

Can you alone undaunted ſtand againſt
Thoſe looks of Terror, which arm'd Legions
Have trembled at, and *Rome* could not ſuſtain?
Per. I can ſurprize him in his riots here.
Pac. O, no, my Son, hee's not to be ſurprized.
There is an awful guard of Majeſty
About his Perſon, that denies approach:
A Majeſty of glorious Actions,
Of famous Wars, and bloody Battels gain'd,
That are his Sword and Buckler every where.
They charge around him, like *Numidian* Spears,
To terrify and keep off all ſurprize.
Trebie, and *Thraſimene*, and *Canne*, all
Shelter him with the Laurels of their Fields.
The mighty Ghoſt of great *Æmilius*,
That waits him, as his guardian Genius now,
Would wiſh to die again, a death of ſhame,
To ſee a Boy attempt his Conqueror.
But grant you could ſurprize him, and his guards:
Yet I am there, what will you do with me?
I am his Fortreſs, I am his Defence.
Will you purſue him through a Father's Life?
If you will Stab him, Stab him then through me.
My breaſt oppos'd, firſt you muſt reach my Heart,
Before your Dagger can arrive at him.
Per. O, Sir, your words have ſtruck a Dagger here.
Pac. Is then the thirſt of thy revenge ſo hot,
Not to be ſlackt, but with a Father's Blood?
Per. I'le pour out mine to quench your kindled Rage.
Pac. Let me deter thee here, rather than go
To throw away thy ſelf, and ruin me.
O let my Prayers proſper, and prevail
With thee, as for thee they prevail'd to day.
Per. I muſt deny you nothing: but you have
Undone your Self, your Country, and your Son.
You have commanded me, and I will pay
That piety to you my Country claims.

O my dear Country! this was my laſt hope,
To have reſtored thee to thy Self and *Rome*.
I had prepar'd this Dagger in thy Cauſe:
But ſince my Father wreſts it from my Hand;
I can no more, but with my Grief retire,
And in the Crowd expect the common Fate.

[*Exit.*

Virginius *enters to* Pacuvius.

Vir. You have withdrawn your ſelf in a bad time.
We wanted you within: the Publick has
Put on a different face from what it had:
But Smile, or Frown, we cannot mend it now.
Pac. Pray, what's the matter?
Vir. Why, the queſtion roſe
Upon the taking in the *Tarentines*.
Pac. O, I was by, when their Ambaſſadors
Were introduced, and had their Audience.
Their buſineſs was welcom'd, and well receiv'd,
But not requiring haſte, ſoon laid aſide,
And civilly diſmiſt, while I was there.
Vir. It was ſo, and the Revellings went on.
But then, from all the quarters of the Town,
We were allarmed by clamorous complaints,
Of every kind, againſt the Soldiers.
Women, and Wine, we knew, of right were theirs,
But in a natural, and manly uſe,
Not to break through, or over-leap the bounds
Of Government, by brutal violence.
But when they came, without diſtinction,
To ſeize on all, proceeding ſo to Blood,
To Plunder, Murder, and to Raviſhment,
'Twas high time to complain.
Pac. High time indeed.

Vir. Some call'd on you, others petition'd me:
And every Client to his Patron ran,
To save him, or redress his injuries.
Pac. What follow'd then?
Vir. Maherbal standing by,
The *Carthaginian* General of the Horse,
With his blunt honesty, told *Hannibal*,
That from the Soldiers Luxury, he foresaw
Capua would prove to him and his affairs,
Fatal, as ever *Canna* did to *Rome*.
Pac. Hail that was home.
Vir. Hannibal rouz'd at that,
And gave his orders for a speedy March:
But not so much, on what *Maherbal* said,
It is believ'd, as on some News from *Rome*.
Pac. We never wish'd him to continue here.
Vir. But what should be the News that has so soon
Alter'd his Measures?
Pac. O, no matter what,
Can come from *Rome*; he has serv'd the present turn,
And we can serve our selves against the next:
We must be near him, while he stays with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Virginius's *House*.

Enter Junius.

Jun. IT was her hand that rais'd me from the Grave;
It was her Mercy that repriev'd my Fate:
She meant it in a kind Compassion,
Tho it had been the tendrest Charity,
To let the rigor of the Sentence pass
Upon my Life, and put me out of pain.
I am redeem'd from the arrest of Death,

To

To pine, and languiſh in a wretched Life.
Is there no Remedy; Want will be heard,
And anſwer'd too; I could turn Begger here:
When once it comes to the extremity
To take, or ſtarve, there is no more a right
Of Property; all things lie common then
In Nature's Field; from Heav'n to Hell is ours,
For our ſupport, to compaſs any way.
What hinders then but I may be reliev'd?
I have diſcharg'd my ſelf from all the Bonds
Of friendſhip, duty, that encumber'd me;
And I am left at large, and free to take
All opportunities that can aſſiſt
To make me--What? a Villain. Am I free?
Diſcharg'd of all my obligations?
Why am I here, plac'd as another Lord
Over this Family, and not a friend?
Is then the Truſt and Confidence repos'd
In me, and my fidelity, no Bond?
Theſe are State Morals; but adverſity
Has ever been an evil Counſellor;
And always will be ſo: I'll hear no more.
I have nothing left me but my honeſty,
To write my Epitaph, and grace my Tomb:
Thither I'm going, O *Favonia*! ſtay,
I ſee you ſhun me, let me only take
A parting look, I wonnot dare to ſpeak,
If I ſhou'd ſigh, it is my laſt adieu.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *the* Forum.

Enter three or four Citizens of the better ſort.

1 *Cit.* ARE theſe our Friends? what cou'd they have done worſe by us, if they had been our Enemies?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* If our City had been taken by Storm, they could but have raviſh'd our Wives and Daughters.

3 *Cit.* And put us to the Sword; you forget that Man.

2 *Cit.* No, we were reſerv'd for a worſe Puniſhment, to ſtand by, and look on, as ſcandalous Witneſſes of our infamy and diſgrace.

1 *Cit.* There's nothing free from their inſolence and outrage.

2 *Cit.* Every place prophan'd by their Rioting and Drunkenneſs.

1 *Cit.* They have invaded every thing that's dear to us.

2 *Cit.* No Property in any thing.

3 *Cit.* Eſpecially the Petticoat; nay, it has been very bad indeed; but 'twill mend now, they are marcht away to the *Tarentines*; and *Tarentum* take 'em, I ſay.

1 *Cit.* *Hannibal* is march'd indeed with his Army, but has left a Gariſon behind him; What does he mean by that?

2 *Cit.* To protect us againſt the *Romans*.

1 *Cit.* The *Romans*! why, we have been told all along there was no danger of them.

2 *Cit.* I wiſh we may find it ſo.

1 *Cit.* There's no believing any thing now a-days; not a Syllable of truth in the Mouth of Report, for an honeſt Man to walk by.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis all Party, and ſerving a turn.

1 *Cit.* There was no News currant a great while, but the Diſtreſs of the *Romans*, the Miſery they were brought to, and the utter impoſſibility of ever appearing in arms agen; that was all the reaſon we had for deſerting our old friends.

2 *Cit.* Now that turn's ſerv'd, and not ſo much care taken to ſtifle Intelligence; we hear of nothing but their Induſtry and Virtue; the Preparations and Power of the *Romans*: I am credibly informed they have a Conſular Army in the Field, and in a condition to try their fortune again with *Hannibal*, if he pleaſes.

1 *Cit.* He may thank himſelf, if they ſhould beat him now.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* If he had march'd directly to *Rome* from *Cannæ*, as he was advis'd.

1 *Cit.* But he ſtay'd there playing the Merchant, and ſelling his Priſoners.

2 *Cit.* Which provoked *Maherbal* to tell him, That he knew how to conquer, better than to uſe his Victory.

3 *Cit.* If the *Romans* are ſo ſtrong, what may become of us then?

2 *Cit.* Nay, we have pull'd our old Houſes upon our Heads, and may be buried in the Ruins, for ought we know.

1 *Cit.* We have deſerv'd as ill as we can of 'em.

2 *Cit.* And have nothing to pray the Gods, but that they may never have it in their Power to reward us to our Deſerts.

Omn. That's all we have to truſt to.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pacuvius *and* Virginius.

Vir. Is't poſſible! he cannot be ſo baſe, forgetful, ſo ungrateful to his Friends.

Pac. Contain your ſelf, at leaſt here in the Street; let us not be the firſt in our complaints, who were the forwardeſt----

Vir. And we are paid moſt richly for our pains.

Pac. I will come home
To you, and there we will enlarge our hearts----

Vir. In ſpight of all his Guards, and ſpeak bold Truths:
I ſhall expect you with impatience. [*Exit.*

Pac. Bold Truths! they may return upon our ſelves:
For if I ſpeak Truth boldly, as it is,
I cannot be ſurpriz'd, that *Hannibal*
Should leave a Gariſon, ſhould not truſt me
With full command, which I had juſt before
Abus'd, betray'd, and given up to him:
To him, I mean to my Ambition:

This

This little ſtand of Fortune gives me time
To look about, and ſee what I have done.
The many violent ſteps that I have made
To bring me here, to my untimely fall,
It may be too, when *Thraſimene* was fought,
Being chief Magiſtrate of *Capua*,
Had *Hannibal* marcht this way, I had deſign'd
The Senate's ſlaughter, to deliver up
The City ſo. I was prevented then:
But now have done it —— not ſo bloodily.
What was the *Romans* murder in our Baths,
Was not that Bloody, and ſet on by me?
I had forgot: 'tis dangerous to awake
A guilty Memory. *Decius Magius* too
Stands out to accuſe me —— but he's ſtill alive.
O I remember all his Curſes now:
May they be blown about, and loſt in Air;
Not ſhed their Venom upon me and mine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to* Virginius's *Houſe.*

Enter Junius.

Jun. ALL cloſe, and ſilent! as in depth of Night
Wrapt up in darkneſs! in the inner room
I ſpy a winking Lamp, that weakly ſtrikes
The ambient Air, ſcarce kindling into Light:
That, feeble as it is, ſhall be my guide.
There I ſhall find her in her pomp of Grief.
Dare I invade her ſacred ſolitude?
My Heart ſinks in me, and my trembling knees

Knock,

Knock, and forſake me, when I wou'd go on;
Warning me not to touch forbidden ground.
Forbidden! ſo are all good things to me.
Nothing to hope, I nothing have to fear. (*Exit.*

SCENE changes, and ſhows Favonia *aſleep on a Couch in an undreſs.*

Junius *returns.*

Jun. She conſecrates the Place, where e're She is,
With reverence: We enter Temples ſo:
Where are the Terrors, that ſhou'd keep me back?
Her frowns, the greateſt, are diſarm'd in ſleep.
O may the ſofteſt down of ſweet repoſe
Receive thee gently on the Bed of Peace,
And fold thee cloſe in the kind arms of reſt:
That undiſturb'd, this Opportunity
May now be mine, to feed my famiſht Eyes.
The ſickning light is envious, and grows pale,
With looking on her: 'tis a ſight indeed
For the high mounted Sun, in all his Pride,
To ſtop, and wonder at—— let me fix here——
Stretch wide the Gates of ſight to take her in,
In the full triumph of her conquering charms.
My eager Eyes devour her Beauties up,
Inſatiable, and hungring ſtill for more.
O! the rich Glutton, that enjoys this ſtore!
Nothing to ſpare from ſuperfluity,
To feed my wants, my Feaver burns me up,
O! let me quench it at this healing Spring.
The Spring is ſacred; a Divinity
Protects the place; thrice happy, happy, he
Who may plunge in, and bathe, and wanton there.
But I may taſte the coolneſs of the ſtream.
And I will drink the Cordial of a kiſs,
From this dear hand, reach'd out to comfort me.
(*kneels, and kiſſes her hand.*

She wakes!

Virginius *and* Pacuvius *at the Door entring.*

What noiſe! I may retire unſeen. (*Exit.*

Vir. A Man here with my Wife! O give me way
(*Breaks from* Pacuvius.

Fav. Who's there? my Lord?

Vir. Where is the Villain? where?
(*Runs after* Junius.

Fav. O! where indeed? my Father! on my knees
Let me proteſt, and ſwear my Innocence.
I am betray'd, and loſt.

Pac. Thou art indeed. (Virginius *returns.*

Vir. This was contriv'd, and lay'd for his eſcape:
And this Apartment fitted, and prepar'd
To be the Scene of their adulterous Luſt.
Where is there ſuch another Wretch on earth?
Ruin'd, undone in every intereſt,
Betray'd, and ruin'd in my deareſt truſt!
But I will be the Executioner
Of my juſt rage, and here begin revenge——

Pac. Strike home, it is the Sword of Juſtice now.

Vir. Have you condemn'd her?

Pac. I applaud the deed.
(*She opens her arms.*

Vir. I wonnot kill thee in thy Fathers ſight.
That were to act a murder upon him.
Here, take her, Sir, I give her up to you.
Your Houſes honour is engag'd with mine.
Do with her what is fit for you, and me.
You are her Judge, condemn, or ſet her free. (*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forum.*

Junius *with Citizens.*

Jun. LET *Capua* ſink under the Rods of *Rome*:
Her Axes hew your Branches to the ſtock,
The Liteleſs trunk, never to ſprout agen.
The Gods appointment always is the beſt,
But every way your ruine will be juſt.

1. *Cit.* If all our Nobles are of your mind, what muſt become of the City in a little time?

Jun. It muſt become the injur'd Roman's ſpoil,
At the beſt, that, and you their faithleſs Slaves,
As you deſerve, unworthy to be Friends.
Now, now the day of your account draws on.
The Roman Conſuls come as Miniſters
Of Wrath, and Terror to this guilty Town,
Arm'd with the kindled Juſtice of the Gods
Againſt your Crimes, with their avenging Bolts
From Heav'n, and the devouring Flames of Hell,
To burn, deſtroy, and ruine you, and yours.
They have inveſted you with Fire, and Sword.
Famine, and Peſtilence will follow ſoon
In the ſtarv'd rear, to ſeize, and faſten on
Thoſe Wretches, who juſt ſcape the ſtroke of War.
You have variety of Miſery
Before you, in this ſiege, to pick, and chuſe
What Death you pleaſe, but think not to eſcape.
Your *Hannibal* has left you, with the Gods,
And all good Men, to ſure perdition. (*Exit.*

2. *Cit.* A ſorry comforter—

1. *Cit.* Of tother side; no friend of ours; no matter what he says. He wishes it were worse, if possible.

3. *Cit.* Nay, 'tis ev'n bad enough; and how 'twill be better I don't know.

2. *Cit.* We're in a miserable condition, that's the truth on't, and which way to apply our selves for a remedy—

1. *Cit.* Ay, that's the way, if we cou'd hit on't.

2. *Cit.* Let's to the *Forum*,
There we shall find our fellow Citizens,

1. *Cit.* We'll joyn with them, for something must be done.

(*exeunt.*

Junius Returns.

Jun. What is't to me, my Country, *Capua?*
Who does maintain, or who deserts her Cause?
Favonia is the Province of my Care.
And her I have deserted, basely left,
How! basely! nay, abandon'd to the Rage,
It may be, of a jealous Husband too.
Ha! whether am I hurry'd by my Fears?
Had I foreseen but half the Accidents,
That threaten now, what wou'd I not have done?
I wou'd have snach'd her from his cruel Hands.
And may do still. I will declare my Love,
Clear her suspected Honour to the World,
Or justifie my Passion by Revenge.

(*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Pacuvius's *House.*

Enter Pacuvius *and Servant.*

Pac. Let him dispose of her, as he thinks best:
It was a Task unnaturally impos'd,
And therefore willingly I lay it down.
Besides there is a publick Conflict here,
Within this Breast, admits not private Cares.
Say, have you sent to *Vibius Virius*,
And *Marius Blosius?*

Ser. As you order'd, Sir.

Pac. And what?

Ser.

Ser. They will come home to you.
Pac. 'Tis well.
Let no body disturb me, till they come.
They sent no News?
Ser. There's none worth sending, Sir.
Pac. Worth sending! true, 'twill come it self too soon.
But we may boldly hear what we must feel.
'Tis natural to enquire how the World goes—
Ser. Towards an end with us, 'tis to be fear'd,
And *Capua*, the Expedition is
Incredible, that carries on the Seige.
Pac. We often ask, in Cases of Despair,
When we are sure the Answer cannot please.
Ser. *Hannibal* try'd to raise it, but in vain:
And now 'tis said that he is march'd to *Rome*:
That way to draw the Consuls from our Walls,
To save their City, and defend themselves.
Pac. Leave me, and bring in what Reports you hear.
(*Exit the Servant.*
We cannot answer for unborn Events:
The Gods have plac'd 'em in the Hands of Fate,
To Shape, and Fashion for their high Decrees;
At their appointed time, to bring 'em forth,
To baffle human Wit, and Industry.
Else in the Course of Probability;
And as Appearances presented things,
Rome was to fall, and *Capua* was to rise.
But Fate, it seems, has otherwise ordain'd.
There is a secret Power within the Scene
That works unseen, and makes so quick a ch
I cannot stand the Taunts of bad Success,
And therefore wonnot meet 'em in the crow
I have hitherto been on the winning side.
We have another Game of Fortune now,
And I will loose as little as I can.
I cannot make the Figure that I wou'd,
But need not make a bad one; that's in me;
If it grows worse, I know my Remedy. (*Exit.*

Scene

SCENE changes to the Forum.

A crowd of Citizens.

3. *Cit.* No Tidings to comfort us?

4. *Cit.* Sad Times, ſad Times, and running on to be worſe, as faſt as they can drive.

2. *Cit.* Did ever People fall from ſuch a Pinacle of Proſperity, unto ſuch a Gulph of Deſtruction, in ſo little a time?

3. *Cit.* Never, never.

2. *Cit.* Our Sallys did ſomething at firſt to hinder their Works, but to no purpoſe now, they'r beaten back upon every Attempt, and dare not look the *Romans* in the Face.

3. *Cit.* There's no peeping upon the Walls.

4. *Cit.* The Engines play ſo thick, they'r about your Ears before you'r aware of 'em.

3. *Cit.* Not a Spade employ'd in the Trenches, but digs a *Capuan* Grave.

4. *Cit.* Wee'r in a ſad Condition indeed.

1. *Cit.* There's no Body to Command, but *Boſtar*, and *Hanno*, the *Carthaginians*, and how the *Capuans* obey them, you may believe.

2. *Cit.* The Garriſon fights hard for us, to ſave themſelves; but they'll pay their Quarters before they leave us.

3. *Cit.* They have brought us into the Crime, and wont forſake us in the Puniſhment.

1. *Cit.* Nay, they have done all they can for us with *Hannibal*.

2. *Cit.* And for themſelves, for they muſt pay our Scores; but what was that all?

1. *Cit.* Why, they ſent to him, to complain that he had abandon'd the Town, and, as it were, yielded it up himſelf to the Fury of the *Romans*; and withall beſeeching him, that he wou'd come to their Relief, who were not only Beſieg'd, but ſhut up in the Works, and almoſt in the Hands of the Enemy,

2. *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* Upon which he came to look upon his Patients at a diſtance, ſhook his Head in deſpair of our State, and went to *Rome* for better Advice.

3. *Cit.* He ſent us his Reaſon for ſo doing.

2. *Cit.* But the Conſuls are here ſtill, for all his Reaſon, and the Prætor too; their Armies are not drawn off, as ſoon as *Hannibal* march'd out of *Capua*, the *Romans* came upon us, you know, as if they had hit the opportunity, they had been aiming at ſo long; they did not come here to be drawn away by every Motion of the Enemy.

4. *Cit.* No, no, they wont leave us ſo.

2. *Cit.* Therefore my Advice is, either to try what our Deſpair can do, in making a bold puſh, or take the Benefit of the Conſuls Proclamation.

3. *Cit.* What's that? What does the Proclamation ſay?

2. *Cit.* It offers Life, and liberty to all thoſe that ſurrender themſelves in four and twenty Hours.

3. *Cit.* Why, ay, why don't we lay hold on the Proclamation?

4. *Cit.* At leaſt let's ſtay for an Anſwer from *Hannibal*. Some *Mauritanians* have undertaken, in the Name of Deſerters, to get to him thro' the *Roman* Camp.

2. *Cit.* And will be wiſe enough never to come back agen. In the mean time, we ſtand like Condemn'd Men, with the Halter about our Necks, but no body attempts any thing for himſelf, or the Publick.

1. *Cit.* What wou'd you have us do? The chief Citizens have ſhut themſelves up in their Houſes, expecting their Ruine, with the Deſtruction of their Country.

3. *Cit.* The Nobles have deſerted us, and the Care of the Common-wealth.

2. *Cit.* Why then, in the firſt place, let us go, and ſet *Decius Magius* at Liberty.

Omn. Agreed, agreed; 'twas luckily thought upon.

3. *Cit.* He's a good Man, and a lover of his Country.

4. *Cit.* And a Lover of the People.

1. *Cit.* Nay, he never quarrell'd with us, but for our Faults, when we deſerv'd it.

3. *Cit.*

3. *Cit.* If we had been govern'd by him, Friends---:

2. *Cit.* Let us clap him up at the Head of the Government.

3. *Cit.* And his Enemies in his place.

4. *Cit.* We can't do better.

1. *Cit.* And then we'll go about the City to Summon the Senate, and tell the Senators plainly what they must truſt to; that unleſs they aſſemble immediately to look after the Publick, we'll ſet their Houſes on Fire about their Ears, and begin with them in the Ruin of *Capua*.

2. *Cit.* We'll Sacrifice them to their Country, rather then give up our Wives and Children to the Enemy.

3. *Cit.* And ſo we'll tell 'em plainly.

4. *Cit.* There's nothing elſe to be done.

1. *Cit.* If we are to be Ruin'd, let it begin at our Betters?

2. *Cit.* 'Tis time enough for us, when it comes to our turn. And I'll take my turn, tho' it be at the Gallows.

1. *Cit.* Why, that's well ſaid, there's ſomething to be expected from our honeſt endeavours. Therefore all hands to *Decius Magius*. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE Virginius's *Houſe.*

Virginius *enters with a Servant.*

Vir. You know the reſt, tell her that I am here. (*Exit Servant.*

SCENE opens and ſhews Favonia *on the Ground.*

Where are you? on the ground! it does become
The preſent Poſture of your fall'n Eſtate,
Fallen from the higheſt pitch of Happineſs,
Into the loweſt depth of Miſery.
Yet I will raiſe you; wou'd I cou'd reſtore you
To the admir'd height, in which you ſtood,
Of Fame, and Virtue; but it cannot be.
As well I may refix a new fall'n Star,
In his bright Orb, to light the World agen.
I come to viſit you.

Fav.

Fav. I thank you, Sir.
Vir. I durſt not truſt you in a Father's Hand.
Fav. I have no Friend.
Vir. O! that the time ſhou'd come,
That you ſhou'd ever ſay you have no Friend,
When I am near you. Yes, you have a Friend,
A Friend you ſhou'd not have, no more of that.
I am to tell you what a Friend you've loſt:
And then compute your Gains.
Fav. I have loſt all
That ever was of Value to my Peace.
Vir. You have deſtroy'd all that was in your Pow'r:
And you well know your Pow'r to ruine me.
You've thrown away a Husband, and his Love,
That follow'd you, as Nature does her Works,
To nurſe, and raiſe you to Perfection.
Had all the good things of this Earth been mine,
And mine the Pow'r to draw their Spirits off,
Into a Quinteſſence of Happineſs,
I had beſtow'd the precious Draught on you.
And in return.---
Fav. O I could make you none,
To your Deſerts.
Vir. In barbarous Return,
You have reach'd out the Gall of Bitterneſs
To daſh my Cup, and poyſon all my Joys.
I cou'd have ſweetned it with my Revenge,
Which I reſtrain'd. I held your Father's Hand,
Stretch'd out to take away your guilty Life.
For when I heard he had pronounc'd your Death,
And Sign'd the Execution, tho' I knew
You had deſerv'd it of my Wrongs, and Me,
I cou'd not hold, but flew to your Relief.
And why? Is it becauſe my Nature is
Inſenſible, and cannot feel a Wrong?
Stupid, and deadned to the Senſe of Shame?
Or that I'm noted for my Eaſineſs
In finding out Excuſes to forgive?

And pardon faſter than they injure me?
Is that the Reaſon that I reſcu'd you?
You know me better, no, *Favonia*, no,
'Twas Pity came into the Place of Rage.
But do not therefore think that I am fit,
For my Diſgrace, becauſe I pitty'd you.
Juſtice her ſelf Condemns with a Remorſe,
And pitty's while ſhe ſtrik s, beſides I thought,
That you, and you, who for ſo many Years
Had liv'd, as Friends, ſhou'd have a time to part.

Fav. O Miſery! that I muſt nothing ſay
In my Defence, to clear my Innocence,

Vir. Hold, have a care, no more of Innocence,
Or a Defence, if you inſiſt on that,
I ſhall break thro' the Temper I propos'd,
And then I cannot ſay where I ſhall end.

Fav. Well, I have done.

Vir. Not but you have an Advocate ſtill here,
Within this Breaſt, and not to be remov'd,
That in Defiance of a Cauſe ſo foul,
So deſperate, and ſo loſt, will yet be heard.
But then it does pretend but to adviſe,
And warn me to be cautious what I do,
Well to conſider what I undertake,
Pondring to weigh the heavy Conſequence,
And not revenge my ſelf upon my ſelf.
As that's the caſe, unleſs I am reſolv'd,
Never to want what I wou'd throw away.
And who can know his Reſolution?
Who can be ſure, that he is well enough
Acquainted with the Temper of his Heart,
To anſwer for its Proof and Conſtancy?
To know it's ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport
So great a Loſs, to bear a Loſs, like yours?
The Loſs of all, that ever I held dear.
A Loſs, to beggar me, and all my Hopes.
Theſe were the Thoughts that flew to your Relief,
And have preſerv'd you for this Interview.

Fav.

Fav. More terrible than Death it self to me.
Vir. You cannot think I come to pardon you.
No, all that I endeavour, or can gain
Upon my Wrongs, is to disarm my Rage.
And let it pass among the strange Effects
Of that commanding Pow'r, you always had
Upon my Heart, that you are yet alive.
But I am still contriving my Revenge;
Still meditating how to punish you;
And I am in a way that pleases me:
It satisfies my Justice better too,
Than the Atonement of your spotted Blood. (*Exit.*
Fav. There is no Remedy, no way to save
My Innocence, but by accusing him,
Who always has been dearer than my Life.
It must be he, that cou'd pursue me there.
If he has scap'd with safety, I am pay'd,
Tho' 'tis a heavy loss of Life, and Fame.

Virginius *returns with a Child in his Hand.*

Vir. Here is a little Innocent, that comes
To Mourn with you: Soon as she can speak plain,
She'll tell you, 'tis an undone Mothers Loss
Has brought her hither, to be Nurs'd in Tears.
Fav. O! may she never know her Mothers Fate.
Vir. Nor the Dishonour of her Father, but
Inheriting her Parents Infamy,
She must grow up with the Disgrace, and Shame.
Look on her well.
Fav. My Eyes, and Heart are full of her.
Vir. Look on her as it were to be the last,
The last, last look that you may ever have.
Fav. This Object I wou'd wish to close my Eyes.
Vir. You must remember how she has been bred,
The fondled Darling of our rival Loves.
Fav. Who are to strive in fondness of her now?
Who to supply a tender Mothers Care?

Vir. O! that the Reaſon of my Love ſhou'd prove,
Shou'd ever prove the reaſon of my Hate!
How have I hung upon the little Lines
Of that dear Face, with a fond Father's Joy,
To find the Mother there in Minature,
By Natures Hand Copy'd in every Look!
I pray'd the God's ſhe might reſemble you,
And now abhor the Likeneſs I deſir'd----
I cannot look upon her, but ſhe brings
Her Mothers Crimes into my Memory----
When you are in your Grave, the ſight of her
Will raiſe you from the Dead, to haunt my Peace,
To plague, and puniſh me, take her away.
I wonnot throw her out to Beggary,
But for your ſake will never ſee her more.
Fav. O miſerable Woman! muſt I be
The Ruine of my Child!

(*She ſnatches up the Child, the Women come about her to take the Child.*

Vir. Away with her:
Why am I not obey'd? Force her away.
Fav. O let her ſtay but for a parting hour----
Vir. No, not a Minute, not a Moments ſtay.
Fav. To take a farewel Kiſs.
Vir. You've ſeen your laſt of her.
Now ſhe has wound her ſelf about your Heart,
Now ſhe has hold of all the Strings of Life,
Now tear her thence — that you at laſt may feel

(*Forcing the Child from her ſhe falls on the Floor.*

Some of the Tortures you prepar'd for me.
Fav. The God's muſt give me Patience to ſupport
What they inflict, this is a thouſand Deaths.
Vir. When I can entertain you at this rate,
I'll viſit you agen, in the mean time
You know your Lodging, I muſt ſee you in.
You'll have ſufficient leiſure to reflect
Upon the Follies that have brought you here.

You've

You've made your ſelf unworthy of the World,
And therefore never ſhall appear agen,
But live forlorn, immur'd within theſe Walls.
Who's there?

(*A Servant enters with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl in t'other, and gives 'em to* Virginius, *who places 'em on a Table by* Favonia.

I have your Father's Preſent yet to bring.
He ſends a Dagger, and a poyſon'd Draught,
In your Extremity to comfort you.
When you are weary of this Slavery:
You have that wretched choice to ſet you free.
(*The Scene ſhuts upon* Favonia, *he goes off.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forum.*

Pacuvius, Vibius Virius Marius Bloſius, *with the Senators in their ſeveral Parties.*

1 Sen. WE are met here, and only to be made
More certain of inevitable Fate:
Each Moment brings us Matter of Deſpair,
And no one to propoſe a Remedy.

Blo. The *Mauritanians*, who were hir'd, and ſent,
And, as Deſerters, undertook to paſs
The *Roman* Camp, and get to *Hannibal*,
Diſcover'd by the Conſuls to be Spies,
Fifty in number were condemn'd to be

First ſtrip'd, and Scourg'd, then with their Hands cut off,
In that moſt lamentable plight driv'n back
To *Capua*, to let us ſee the News.
2 *Sen.* To let us ſee what we are to expect.
3 *Sen.* To let us read in bloody Characters
The Vengeance that is laid in ſtore for us.
4 *Sen.* The Spectacle has ſunk the People ſo,
They dare no longer think of a Defence,
And talk of nothing but Surrendring now.
Pac. This Accident has cut our Commerce off,
All our Intelligence with *Hannibal*.
We've nothing farther to expect from him.
Blo. And the God's know, but little from our ſelves.
Within. Bear back, make way for our Deliverer.
Do you not know good *Decius Magius*.

Enter Decius Magius.

1 *Sen.* O! *Decius Magius*! you'r a welcome Man
Among us, you were never wanted more.
Mag. 'Tis a bad Day for *Capua*, when a Weak,
Old, uſeleſs Man comes to be wanted ſo.
But any thing is welcome in Diſtreſs.
I'm ſorry for the Cauſe that brings me here,
Tho' it has brought me back to Liberty,
From Dungeon Darkneſs to the Heavenly Light.
2 *Sen.* We never were in ſuch a wretched need.
Mag. I hear how Matters go with us, all wrong,
And fear me, 'tis too late to ſet 'em right.
My Pow'r is very poor, but yet you may
Employ it, as you pleaſe, for *Capua*,
For I am ſtill devoted to her Cauſe.
1 *Sen.* We cannot hope to have the Town reliev'd.
2 *Sen.* Nor are we able to defend it long.
3 *Sen.* The *Roman* Clemency has oft been try'd
On deſperate Occaſions, and been found,
When all has fail'd, the only Remedy.

4 *Sen.*

4. *Sen.* And let us not deſpair of its effects,
Its good effects on us.
Blo. What do you mean?
1. *Sen.* To pacifie the fury of our Fate.
2. *Sen.* Not to enrage it by oppoſing it.
3. *Sen.* But freely give what they have pow'r to take.
1. *Sen.* We have agreed, the greateſt part of Us,
To ſend our Legates to the Conſuls Camp,
And offer up the Town, to ſave our lives.
4. *Sen.* And you are come, good *Decius Magius*,
The fitteſt Suppliant in your Country's Cauſe.
1. *Sen.* You have deſerv'd, and you may well pretend
An Intereſt with the Roman Generals.
Mag. An Intereſt againſt their Intereſt!
There's very little to expect from that.
1. *Sen.* We will ſurrender at diſcretion.
Mag. And that is but a wretched Embaſſie.
But if you think it is the only way
To do you Service, and you are agreed.
2. *Sen.* We are agreed there is no other way.
Mag. What ſays *Pacuvius*? You are yet to ſpeak.
Pac. I wou'd ill become my character, to joyn
In this adviſe of ſupplicating *Rome*,
In our diſtreſs, who, may be, was the firſt
To urge her Ruine, by deſerting her.
But if I were no more obnoxious,
No more accountable for our revolt,
Than he that acted leaſt, yet I muſt think,
From what we 've done to them, and they to us,
There is no hope of pardon at their hands.
Blo. A Pardon! 'tis a Play-thing for a Child,
To ſtill the preſent fit of frowardneſs;
A Man can never ſet his heart upon't.
Pac. Now, when a Foreign Enemy inſults,
And *Hannibal* himſelf that Enemy,
When all things are permitted to the Sword,
Brandiſh'd, and flaming over *Italy*,

At ſuch a time, forgetting *Hannibal*,
And every threatned danger, to ſend here
Both Conſuls, with their Armies Conſular,
Looks as they did intend to make their Wars
Only on us, not *Carthage* more abhorr'd
Than *Capua*, as if they did not come
For Fame, or Victory, but for revenge.

Mag. It may be ſo, and that they come to raiſe
A Monument, to warn ſucceeding times,
Never to injure, in whatever State
Their Fortune is, the Citizens of *Rome*.

Pac. The very Savages, and fierceſt Beaſts,
Do but approach their Dens, and they will leave
Their deſtin'd Prey, to ſave their helpleſs Young.
The *Romans* are more eager yet than they.
For not the leaguer of their City *Rome*,
Their Wives, their Children (whoſe imploring cries,
And lamentations almoſt reach 'em here)
Their Altars, Hearths, the Temples of the Gods,
The Sepulchers of their great Anceſtors.
In danger to be violated all
By *Hannibal*, can once remove 'em hence,
From the determin'd ſpoil of *Capua*.
So greedy are they of our Puniſhment,
Of ſuch a burning thirſt to drink our Blood.
Therefore, for my part, I will ſeek no aid
Out of my ſelf: while I am Maſter of
My liberty, I can take care for one.

1. *Sen.* You, who have made your ſelves unworthy of
Pardon, and mercy, juſtly may deſpair.
But we have hopes in *Decius Magius*.

Mag. Alas!

2. *Sen.* Take the three hundred *Roman* Knights
Along with you, that are our Priſoners.

3. *Sen.* That was a lucky thought, make all the Friends—

Mag. Adverſity will find but very few.

1. *Sen.* What force you can.

Mag.

Mag. And all, I fear, too weak,

(*Exit with his Party.*

Pac. You then, who ſeem to have another ſenſe
Of what we owe to the Immortal Gods,
And our immortal ſelves, in theſe extremes,
I do invite you to take part with me,
In the kind entertainment of this Night,
Which I've prepar'd for many more good Friends.
The Wine, and Company I know are good:
The Supper choſen well, and elegant:
For who can tell but it may be our laſt.
If it ſo prove; indulge the Genius,
Enlarge the Soul, and feaſt the ſenſes high:
We'll ſacrifice at laſt to Liberty. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius.

Vir. O *Junius!* 'tis unworthy of the Man,
Who calls you Friend, ſo ſcandalous a Fate.
But do not think that I am reconcil'd,
Humbled, and tam'd to my diſhonour, no.
Jun. I know you can't be wanting to your ſelf.
Vir. I wanted to acquit my ſelf to you,
And therefore I have found you luckily,
To go with me—
Jun. You may command your Friend.
Vir. To be a witneſs that I treat the Wretch
As She deſerves from me, and my revenge. (*Exeunt*

Virginius's *Houſe.*

Favonia *enters with a Dagger in one hand, and a Bowl in tother.*

Fav. A Fathers Preſent to a luckleſs Child!
His ſending it, and by a Husbands hands,
Shou'd have determin'd me, before this time,

In what I have to do, 'tis but to dye.
And that I've meditated, ſtudy'd long;
And often wiſht; but yet this Dagger here,
This Ruffian Dagger, like a Murderer,
That does delight in Blood, looks terrible.
There's nothing horrid in this friendly Bowl:
And it will do the deed as certainly,
And ſatisfie my angry Fate as well.

She drinks, throws the Bowl one way and the Dagger another.

'Tis paſt; the little argument of Life
Is at an end; and Death will ſoon conclude.
This is the fatal period of our Crimes,
Ending at laſt in certain Puniſhment.
And yet my Crimes, methinks, might well have paſt
For my misfortunes, to be pity'd,
Rather than puniſh'd; but I muſt not tax
The juſtice of the Gods; they have their ends
In every thing they do; they have thought fit
To judge 'em Crimes, and ſo to doom 'em here.
Perhaps to warn too negligent a World,
By my example, how they do engage
In little things, that may be dangerous.
If there is any profit of my Death,
'Tis well, I do not grudge the benefit;
For I begin to find its comfort here.

(*Laying her ſelf down on the Floor.*

Enter Virginius, *and* Junius *to* Favonia; Junius *runs to her aſſiſtance.*

Jun. Extended on the Floor; is this a ſight
To triumph in?
Vir. The Dagger, or the Bowl,
Has reſcu'd her, and diſappointed me.
I fear ſhe's almoſt got out of my reach.

(Virginius *kneels at her feet*, Junius *at her head.*

Jun.

Jun. She's in the Pangs of Death.
Vir. There let her ſtay,
And linger Ages out in Agony,
To glut my Eyes, and ſatiate my revenge.
Jun. She's going! O! *Favonia!* ſhe is gone!
(Favonia *dyes*, Junius *weeping over her.*
Vir. Why let her go, and with her all my Plagues.
Jun. I came to be a witneſs of thy Truth,
And Innocence; but ſhou'd have come before
To ſave thy Life—
Vir. Methinks you are too much
Concern'd for her.
Jun. Begone, and leave me here.
Your Title carry'd to the end of life;
No farther; you have put an end to that:
And now I honeſtly may ſet up mine.
Vir. What Title?
Jun. To revenge her Death on you.
Junius *ſtarts upon his knees, ſeizes upon* Virginius, *they riſe in a ſtruggle,* Junius *draws his Sword upon him.*
You have involv'd me in this Murder here:
And made me an Accomplice of a deed,
To damn us both down to the loweſt Hell.
If you dare juſtifie it, draw your Sword.
Vir. Dare juſtifie it?
Jun. Dare.
Vir. You know I dare.
Another Man had prov'd my daring too,
Before this time.
Jun. So every Coward ſays,
Vir. Nay, then 'tis paſt; this only anſwers that.
(*They Fight, both wounded.*
Jun. 'Tis as it ſhou'd be: I was not to live.
Vir. I cannot long. (Junius *falls by* Favonia.
Jun. Then I have been a Friend
Indeed, if I have haſten'd on your Death.

For when I have confeſs'd a few ſad Truths,
You'll find I only have prevented you
From laying violent hands upon your grief,
Curſing the light, and falling to deſpair.
Vir. Your words have ſtuck attention in my heart.
Jun. Favonia is moſt innocent, and wrong'd:
And you, and I the only guilty here.
Vir. But prove her ſo, and I ſhall dye with joy.
(*Falling at her feet.*
Jun. In lov'd her, for I may avow it now,
And you may thank your ſelf, who were the cauſe,
By bringing me into your Family.
I lov'd her with a paſſion, that no bounds
Cou'd circumſcribe, no violence cou'd tame,
No Council moderate, no Friendſhip cure.
Therefore I went to *Rome*, reſolv'd to breath
My ſighs in Foreign Air, not to diſturb
Your Intereſt, or *Favonia*'s Innocence.
I languiſht many Years; my Fate thought fit
To bring me back; and you wou'd have me home.
Vir. In left her with you.
Jun. I that conflict, I
Confeſs'd what I had ſuffer'd for my love:
She pity'd me, and I deſir'd no more.
Vir. Say on, while I have leiſure to attend.
Jun. The Man you found in her Apartment, was
Your wretched Friend: I thought to 'ſcape unſeen.
But that poor caution has undone us all.
Vir. What was your Buſineſs there?
Jun. I went to take
A parting look, reſolv'd to end my griefs,
And trouble her no more. *Favonia* was
Ev'n Innocent of my being there.
I found her ſleeping with her harmleſs Thoughts:
And She but wak'd, as you approach'd the Room,
In a ſurprize, to find her ſelf undone.
This Writing I have drawn to vouch for me,

In

In all the circumſtances of this tale:
And the Gods try me by the Truth it bears. (*Dyes.*
Vir. A ſolemn adjuration! and no doubt
Moſt heavenly true; and all this is the work
Of my own folly; had I been content
With that fair portion of felicity,
The Gods beſtow'd upon me in a Wife;
How happy had I been! but I muſt bring
My Friend home to uſurp upon her right.
And what's the conſequence! Ruine, and Death.
The approach of Death makes me leſs ſenſible.
I've loſt my Wife, and Friend, and now my ſelf. (*Dyes.*

SCENE Pacuvius *Houſe.*

Pacuvius, Vibius Virius, Marius Bloſius, *with Seven or Eight Senators riſing from a Feaſt.*

Pac. Who, who wou'd baſely lag behind in life,
Only to ſee how many wretched ways
Our Enemies will find out to puniſh us?
5 Sen. Theſe Eyes ſhall never be Spectators of
My Countries Ruine.
Vib. Nor will I behold
The ravage, and the havock of our Spoils —
6 Sen. Nor *Capua*'s Honours trampled in the duſt —
7 Sen. Nor ſhining horrid with involving Flames.
Blo. Shall our chaſt Matrons, and our bluſhing Maids,
Our generous Youth, bred up to nobler hopes,
Attempted, ſeiz'd, o'erpow'rd, be tam'd at laſt,
To the inſults of all unnatural Luſts?
Vib. If there was nothing elſe to undergo —
Blo. You cannot call it living on ſuch terms.
Pac. If we agree, that Life wou'd be a load,
Not to be Born, with theſe Indignities:
Here is the helping hand to throw it off.
(*A Servant gives him a Bowl.*

This

This Bowl I have reſerv'd to crown the Feaſt.
Hannibal carries Poyſon in a Ring,
Still to be near him in adverſity.
I have prepar'd this cordial Draught for us.
A noble, and preventing remedy:
To free our Bodies from the Puniſhment,
Our Minds from the Reproach, and Infamy,
Our Eyes and Ears, from being Witneſſes
Of all thoſe Cruelties, that are deſign'd.
Contriv'd, reſerv'd, and wait for conquer'd Men.

Vib. We wonnot rob our Virtue of its Fame,
To think that any here can ſtand in need
Of words, to argue him into a deed,
Of this high conſequence and character.

Blo. We are confirm'd in reaſon, and reſolv'd.

Pac. Then thus I offer you deliverance:
And do begin a Health to Liberty. (*Drinks.*

5 *Sen.* A generous Health, and ſend it round to all.

Blo. Fill all the Bowls at once, that we may joyn
In that moſt noble Pledge; let no Man have
Priority, or Place, in this laſt Scene,
But all unite in honour of the deed.

Vib. Let us unite our Hands, as well as Hearts,
In this great Work: and ſince we are to part,
We'll part like Friends, lockt In a ſtrict embrace.
(*They embrace in a circle.*

Magius *enters as they are in the Ceremony.*

Mag. I muſt not be ſhut out. I come to be
Admitted to the gallant Fellowſhip
Of your great Enterprize. I hear you are
Determin'd and reſolv'd.
(*Servants give each Man a Bowl.*
Give me a Cup
Among the reſt.

5 *Sen.* 'Tis Poyſon ——

Mag.

Mag. Not to me.
Or if it ſhou'd be ſo, I come to dye.
6 Sen. We'll ſhow you then the way.
Mag. I'm old, and weak,
And cannot follow faſt, unleſs you ſtay,
To take me with you in your Company.
6 Sen. We will.
Pac. I'm ſorry to ſee you reduc'd to dye.
Mag. I'm ſorry to ſee you reduc'd to live.
Pac. That wou'd be poverty of Soul indeed.
'Tis, not ſo poor with me.
Mag. I'm glad of it.
6 Sen. Pacuvius has drank his cordial off.
Mag. Secure me mine, and then at leiſure, I
Will tell you the particulars at large,
Of what I went about; the Conſuls doom;
And *Capua*'s Fate —

(*Servant gives* Magius *a Bowl, they all drink together.*

But this delivers me.
5 Sen. And all of us.
Blo. Now we defy the Doom.
Pronounce it in the threatning Conſuls words:
Tho it ſhou'd thunder from the judgment Seat,
It ſhakes not us. We have our Pardon ſeal'd.
Mag. I was not ſuffer'd to approach their Camp,
But as a private Perſon, and a Friend.
They utterly refus'd the Priſoners,
Diſdaining to receive 'em, as a Bribe.
And wou'd not hear me upon any terms,
That I cou'd offer; all I cou'd obtain,
Was to inform my ſelf what they deſign'd
To do with us.
6 Sen. It muſt be terrible.
Mag. Why, Fourſcore Senators are condemn'd to Death.
Three Hundred of our nobleſt Families,
To be diſpers'd into the Latin Towns,

There

There to remain as Priſoners at large.
Our Treaſure all confiſcated to *Rome*, our Lands and publick
Buildings forfeited:
Capua to be disfranchis'd of her Rights,
Her Liberties, and her chief Citizens:
The Populace by out-cry to be ſold,
Into the ſeveral States of *Italy*;
And none permitted to inhabit here,
But Slaves made Free, Strangers, and meaneſt Trades:
Never to be incorporated more
In a Community, to have a Voice
In free Election of its Magiſtrates,
But live enthrall'd under the Scourge of *Rome*.

Vib. More dreadful far than Fire, or Sword cou'd be.

Blo. It had been Mercy to extirpate quite
The Name, and Memory of *Capua*.

Mag. As to my ſelf, 'tis true, they offer'd all,
All honourable terms for me, and mine.
But what is Honour, Fortune, when we have
No Friends, no Country, to rejoyce with us?
I cou'd not think of Life after that Loſs,
Therefore came timely to prevent it here.

Pac. O *Magius!* let me witneſs to the worth,
I always envy'd. We have rivall'd long
For *Capua*'s Love; but this laſt act of yours
Has forc'd me to confeſs it was your due.
Has thrown all emulation ſo behind,
The Honour of the Race is wholly yours.
Had I proceeded with that openeſs,
With that clear Spirit, in my Countries cauſe ——

Mag. May be it had been better for us all.
This is no time for long Confeſſions.
If you have done amiſs, amend it now:
And by the brave example of your Death,
Correct the influence of an ill ſpent Life.

Pac. I've found this eaſie, honeſt way to Death:
The only way, my Friends, to vanquiſh *Rome*,

To

To rob her Conſuls of their Triumph here,
And bear our ſelves the palm of Victory.

A Servant whiſpers Pacuvius, *and gives him the Paper, that* Junius *left behind him.*

Mag. I thank the Gods I have liv'd long enough,
To all the reaſonable ends of Life:
Liv'd to my Friends, my Country, and my Fame:
Have glutted Nature with ſatiety,
Tir'd all her various appetites of change.
And 'twou'd be an unmannerly return,
For my good cheer, and welcome of the Feaſt,
When I have ſat it out, to grudge to riſe.

Blo. We are all ready now to take our leave.

Mag. But one word more, and then I go with you.

(*They ſupport each other.*

Pac. She's Innocent, and well provided for.

Mag. The Dead live after in the memory
Of thoſe alive, ſo to be handed down,
Thro' all the Ages of Poſterity,
As Tryers of their Fame; abhorr'd, or lov'd,
According to their good, or ill, in Life.

Pac. I wou'd be mention'd only in my Death,

Mag. Let it be ſaid of us, we wou'd have dy'd
To ſave our Country; ſince we cou'd not that:
Nothing cou'd tempt us to ſurvive its fate.
Now lay us gently down.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Vib. What is thy News?

Meſſ. Our Gates are open'd to the Enemy:
And *Capua* is no more.

Blo. Wou'd it were ſo.
Better be nothing than be miſerable.

Pac. Thou com'ſt too late to do us good, or harm,
By any News that thou canſt bring us now.

Mag. I pity our poor Friends that stay behind.
Our Minds are going to their native home..
And for the earthy part———
Pat. I've taken care.
When we are honpurably laid in Death,.
My Clients have their orders to bestow
Our Bodies on a Funeral Pile, that's rais'd
On purpose, to preserve our last remains.
Mag. 'Tis well, now kindle it, and we shall mount,
Up to the Skies, in the aspiring Flame,
And live Immortal in a glorious Name, (Dyes

FINIS.

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